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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

DECEMBER 1915

Desolation	William Watson
El Masgad	R. B. Cunninghame Graham
British Ballads	Sir Henry Newbolt
The Enemy	John Freeman
Musical Notes	Edwin Evans

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

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A Review of Recruiting	A Voluntary Recruiter
On Army Buying	A Salesman
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Books	

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THE dust problem is one of the most insidious and persistent that has ever faced mankind. Wherever we go, whatever we do, it remains with us—in our houses, in the streets, in the very air we breathe—and ever it carries with it the germs of disease. In the fresh, clear atmosphere of heaven, nature knows well how to preserve the balance, but in our homes, unless effective measures are taken to keep it down, it soon becomes a menace both to health and to comfort. Accumulations of dust quickly degenerate into dirt, dirt into filth, and filth into disease—consequently cleanliness is a first essential of a healthy, vigorous community. The

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New Creations for the Winter Season.

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

It will not be the fault of the West-end shopkeepers if "Shopping as Usual" is not the watchword this Christmas-time. Already preparations are being made on a lavish scale, and Christmas bazaars and toy fairs have been opened in all directions. The most attractive is "Starland," at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, where a department has been transformed into a miniature fair surrounded with stalls, on which are to be found British-made toys of every variety suitable for children of all ages. Here a great feature is made of toys manufactured by disabled soldiers and sailors, which appeal to all buyers; while another stall is devoted to the sale of the new soft wool-stuffed animals with spring legs, which are the latest sensation in playthings this season.

The Talk of the Town

¶ Already this new toy fair is the talk of Town. Everyone is going to see the artistic display, and all are enthusiastic regarding the beautiful scene—the whole room being lit by immense Chinese lanterns and an illuminated canopy of stars set in a blue firmament. Leading out of one end of the toy fair is a tea-room for the convenience of the shoppers, and already this has become a fashionable rendezvous, and one of the most popular meeting-places for those busy over the delights of Christmas shopping.

Utility Christmas Gifts

¶ This same firm is laying itself out in every department to cater for the Christmas present trade. Recognising the growing popularity of the utility type of gift, they are making a very great speciality of fancy pocket-handkerchiefs suitable for Christmas presents. Many of these have come direct from Paris, and all introduce a novelty of design. Amongst the most delightful are some handkerchiefs of finest linen with corners ornamented with Madeira work, and, in place of the usual hem, a border of saw-edge embroidery to match. Other new types show handkerchiefs with hand-blocked hems represented by little squares outlined with fine bead stitching; while a handkerchief of fancy variety has its corners worked with that beautiful transparent drawn-thread work that hitherto has only been used to decorate Chinese grass lawn.

Fancy Black Borders to Coloured Handkerchiefs

¶ In coloured handkerchiefs the crowning novelty are those of delicately coloured linen, surrounded with a black border outlined with a miniature edge of white. The effect of this is very *chic*, and they are largely used for adorning the new belt or breast-pockets of tailor-made costumes. Finely rolled hems in dainty colours no broader than a twist of silk are yet another characteristic of the new handkerchiefs now on show at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's; these are further adorned with a dainty cypher monogram and initial set in a worked medallion to match.

INEXPENSIVE VELOUR CLOTH TAILOR-MADES

We have recently been successful in purchasing a large quantity of fine quality ribbed and plain Velour Cloths in black and a good range of colours, with which, in order to keep our workers employed during the intermediate Season, we have made about 300 Tailor-mades in various new designs, many of which are trimmed with fur. Owing to the fact that the material is limited and cannot be repeated, these garments cannot be made to measures or sent upon approval.

Refined Street Suit, *as sketch*, in fine quality soft-finished velour cloth in good colours, perfectly cut and tailored. Collar, cuffs, and flounce of coat trimmed with wide skunk opossum fur. New well-cut skirt.

Special price, 6½ gns.

Actual Value, **9 gns.**

GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

Sleeping Bags in Waterproof Khaki Twill, lined fur, light and warm, to fold in small compass, from **5 gns.**
Khaki All Wool British Warm Coats, from **6 gns.**
Leather Waistcoats, lined reliable fur, from **69/6.**
Fur Waistcoats in Natural Nutria lined flannel, with leather backs, **6 gns.**
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Famous for over a Century
for Taste for Quality for Value

Artistically worked pheasants, swallows, redbreasts, and other birds of gay plumage that look like enamelled miniatures, adorn the corners of other handkerchiefs; while a novelty that will solve a great many difficulties in present-giving this Christmas is a box containing five embroidered and one real lace bordered handkerchiefs.

Voile handkerchiefs that have fancy *applique* borders of the same fabric in place of the usual uninteresting hem are yet another novelty, while handkerchiefs with real lace borders made by the peasants of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire are to be found here in a large variety.

Antiques as Christmas Presents

¶ Antiques will also be largely used for Christmas gifts. Those who are interested in these will find a small pamphlet full of illustrations, issued by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of particular value. This shows all kinds of interesting novelties priced from a few shillings upwards, including some particularly attractive trinket-trays and small occasional tea-trays mounted in mahogany and lined with beautiful pieces of old French, English, and Oriental embroidery, protected by plate glass. Other novelties are quaint hand mirrors with embroidered silk backs, and some beautiful round miniature mahogany screen mirrors set on revolving stands, that make delightful ornaments for a drawing-room, bedroom, or boudoir.

Old samplers, beautifully framed, antique bags, and purses with real Pinchbeck mounts, are other specialities that make uncommon Christmas gifts; while beautiful needlework pictures and some quaint tapestry cushion-covers, made in imitation of Queen Anne needlework, will appeal to all purchasers looking out for unique and by no means expensive presents.

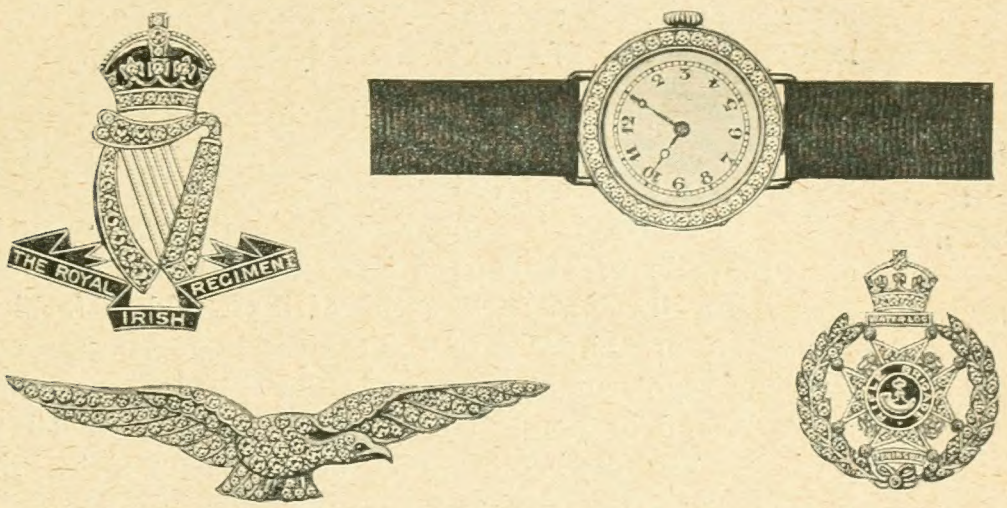
The New Regimental Jewellery

¶ Another extremely popular type of gift this season is the Naval and Military jewellery specially designed and sold by the Gold- and Silversmiths Co., of 112 Regent Street, who have issued a booklet which will be sent post free on application, containing illustrations of practically every regimental badge, carried out in platinum, gold, enamel, rose diamonds, and other precious stones. These are to be had mounted as brooches, tie-pins, sleeve links, waistcoat buttons, bracelets, etc. Or the same emblems can be reproduced affixed to photograph-frames, menu-stands, ash-trays, matchboxes, etc. Certainly no other type of present is more popular just now, both for wedding and bridesmaids' gifts as well as Christmas presents, for the great merit of these beautiful badges lies in the fact that, unlike so many badges and emblems now upon the market, each one of these is stamped by individual merit and specially artistic work, so that each badge is not only absolutely correct in every detail, but artistic as regards colour and design. Yet for the most part the new jewellery is anything but expensive, and comes well within the reach of all buyers.

Beautiful Watch Bracelets

¶ This same firm also specialises in some quite exceptionally beautiful new designs in platinum watch bracelets set with diamonds and pearls. These are of all sorts and sizes, ranging from a watch so tiny that it takes the form of a marquise ring rimmed with diamonds, which, in spite of its small proportions, is guaranteed to keep correct time.

One of the most beautiful of all designs is a tablet-shaped watch made of platinum, the dial being surrounded with a border of diamonds set alternately with black onyx, which is most effective. Other square- and round-shaped miniature watches, rimmed with diamonds, are mounted on narrow black *moiré* silk bracelets, which are highly effective, both for day and evening wear; while a beautiful watch bracelet of original design shows a miniature platinum watch rimmed with closely-set diamonds attached to a woven platinum ribbon, through the middle of which runs a string of small but beautifully matched pearls.



Military luminous watches, specially adapted for Naval and Military use, mounted on plain leather straps, are also to be had in several varieties at the Gold- and Silversmiths Co., and these promise to be particularly popular as Christmas gifts this season.

A Gift of a Portable Piano

¶ The idea of a portable piano opens up a novelty in Christmas gifts. Yet nothing is proving more popular than "The Dulcitone," a small portable piano that never requires tuning, and which weighs but 30lb., yet is all that is required for practical purposes.

The Dulcitone piano, comprising $3\frac{1}{2}$, 4, and 5 octaves, is not only ideal for a small flat sitting-room, where space makes a larger piano an impossibility, but it is a boon to travellers, and is constantly to be found in nurseries and schoolrooms, and charitable clubs and institutions of all kinds. While the fact that it is unaffected by extremes of climate is a valuable asset in riverside bungalows, on board ships, yachts, and houseboats. Full particulars, prices, etc., are obtainable from the makers, Thos. Machell and Sons, 53 Great Western Road, Glasgow.

Jewels of To-day

¶ The fact that little jewellery save strings of pearls are being worn at the present time has created a boon in those wonderful reproduction pearl necklets which are the marvel of the modern jeweller's art.

The best and most satisfactory of all of the many makes now upon the market are the wonderful Sessel pearls, which are practically undistinguishable from the genuine jewels. These are made by a secret process that imparts the same sheen, delicacy, and texture of the finest genuine pearls. For the Christmas trade the makers are offering not only necklets with real diamond clasps, with pearl, emerald, sapphire, or ruby centres, but a large assortment of other jewels and trinkets, including some beautiful new designs in earrings, rings, studs, scarf-pins, etc., mounted in gold. A charming pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent post free on application to the manufacturers, 14 New Bond Street, W.; while a special feature is made of the purchase of old gold, silver, or diamond jewels of out-of-date design, or the same are taken in exchange for the lovely modern jewellery which is a speciality of this well-known firm.

The Pick of the World of Fashion

¶ Where fashion is concerned, all manner of novelties are making their appearance for the Christmas season. At Paquin's, in Dover Street, one finds a large assortment of new designs in fur for which this firm is so famous; while their new model evening gowns are in great demand for coming Christmas festivities, as they show all the latest vagaries of the world of fashion.

Hats here are likewise of the utmost importance, as the models on view represent all that leads the way in new millinery, both in Paris and in London. One very beautiful model that strikes a wholly new note is a large hat of black panne, the brim of which is bent right over the crown on one side in an artistic sweep so as to hold a great curve of beautiful white Paradise feather lying flatly over the crown, carrying out the sweep of the upturned brim and falling flatly over the crown instead of being set upright, as is the general fashion of Paradise plumage.

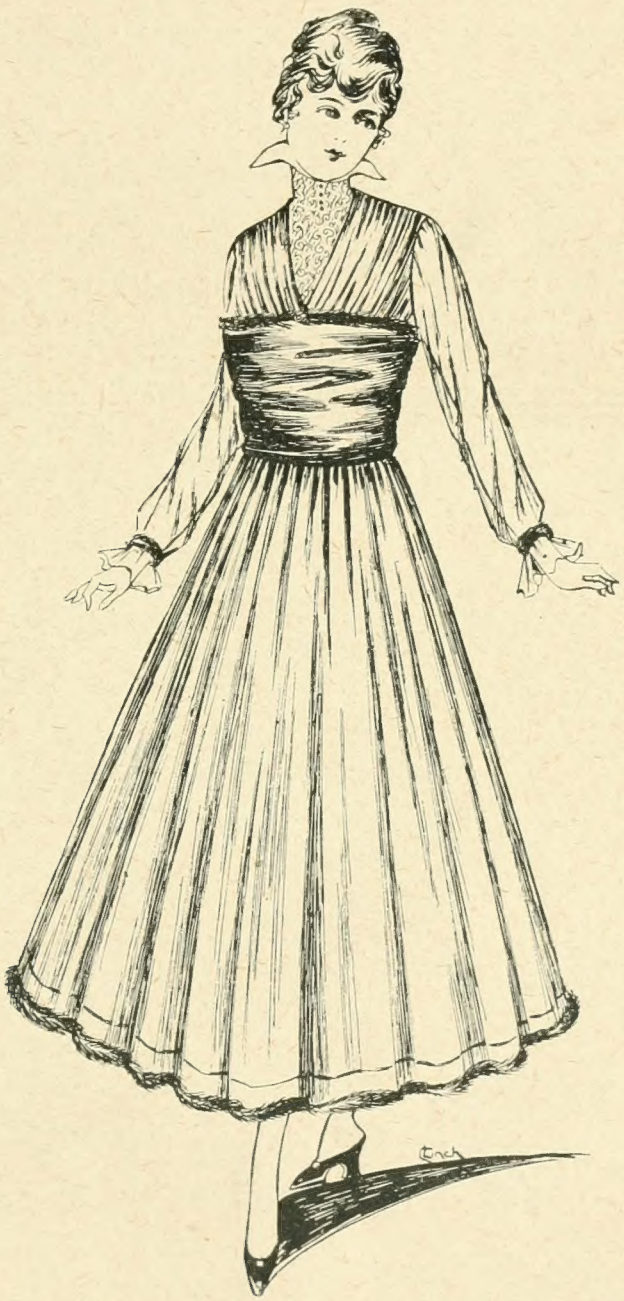
Another novelty is a close-fitting, high-crowned hat of deep crimson felt, soft enough to drape in folds, in which are inserted large single roses made of deep crimson velvet. Grey marabout, laid flatly on the brim like a wreath, is used here to trim the new flat black sailor hats of the moment; while a high-crowned navy-blue hat trimmed with a wreath of small blue birds is arranged with that *chic* effect and style which marks the millinery of this famous house of fashion.

Bargains in the Best Model Gowns

¶ During the latter half of December Paquin's hold a sale of all their best model gowns, which are to be disposed of at quite exceptional prices. These will include bargains in beautiful day and evening dresses *de luxe,* as well as some wonderful new tailor-mades of the latest type. Furs and hats will also be reduced in price, while those looking for bargains in winter coats and beautiful opera wraps will find a large selection.

A Dress-maker of Note

¶ Another firm who are making a speciality of beautiful day and evening frocks suitable for the coming Christmas festivities are Messrs. Hughes and Starnes, of 63 South Molton Street, are not only noted for the style and distinction of all their gowns, but also for the fact that they make up customers' own materials. This firm are just now turning their attention to the question of the new semi-high restaurant and dinner frocks which are in such great demand; while the special day frocks which they make



for wear under fur coats have the merit of being extremely smart and very inexpensive. Messrs. Hughes and Starnes are also very clever at modifying and adapting up-to-date fashions to the special needs of matrons as well as *débutantes,* and they number amongst their *clientèle* those women who, while they are noted for dressing well and being thoroughly up to date, do not affect *outré* or extravagant modes of the moment.

The New Tea-Dinner Dresses

¶ Another novelty worthy of note that is creating a sensation in the world of fashion is the new tea-dinner dress introduced by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove. This is a model that comes halfway between the indoor reception gown and the quiet dinner frock so much in demand just now. Carried out in rich shades of chiffon velvet, with long semi-transparent chiffon sleeves, the new toilette has a full skirt gathered on to an elastic band, and a simple cross-over bodice finished with a fichu-like arrangement of the velvet edged with skunk opossum. This gown, which is absurdly cheap, is exceedingly graceful and artistic, and does equally well for day or evening wear; while carried out in ivory velvet it was an ideal bridal gown at a recent war wedding.

A Gown without any Fastening

¶ Other delightful models of the same variety include a Venetian tea-gown made in *charmeuse* or in chiffon velvet, which, though of elaborate design, is held together by a single button and buttonhole fastened behind. Absolutely devoid of any fastening is another beautiful tea-gown carried out in Lyons brocaded velvet on a chiffon background, fashioned like a Juliet robe with a fur-trimmed square *décolletage* and long sleeves. It is simply slipped over the head and caught in at the waist by a gold girdle.

Tea Jackets and Dinner Coats

¶ In the same department one finds all varieties of artistic tea and dinner coats *de luxe*, made of painted chiffon, of embroidered net, or chiffon velvet or lace. While boasting an artistic simplicity, these are ideal for dinner wear at home, slipped over one of the new lace and Georgette slips which have become such a great speciality of this firm.

Amongst many novelties is a dinner coat of black chiffon velvet made like a short smock, with a square *décolletage* outlined in gold Greek-key pattern, the hem, likewise ornamented, being caught into place by a gold galon border and finished with gold tassels. This looks very well, worn over either a white or a black slip; while tea-coats of wine-coloured *ninon*, fashioned after the shawl pattern, simply gathered on either shoulder and terminating in tasselled points behind, are another novelty. A tea-coat of fine black lace, bordered with gold *galon*, is another attraction which looks delightful worn over a white net slip, and makes an attractive dinner-gown for house wear.

A Present for a Girl

¶ Here also is to be found a novel present for a girl in the form of a kimono dressing wrap, made of uncrushable *crêpe de Chine*, bordered with narrow satin ribbon of the same colour, and slipped into an envelope-shaped *crêpe de Chine* bag to match. The idea is so simple that one wonders why it has not been thought of long ago, for it enables one to carry a practical and very dainty dressing-gown in the smallest space, and proves invaluable to women who do a lot of travelling or visiting.

JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS
TO H.M. THE KING

THE
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The comprehensive stocks of Jewels, Bracelet Watches, Fitted Dressing Cases, Toilet Table Requisites, Silver and Household Plate afford every opportunity for choosing suitable Christmas Gifts.

A Catalogue in which these are fully shewn, will be sent post free on application.

Army Service Corps Badge, Diamonds, set in Platinum, Silver Star Wreath in Gold and Enamel. £7.10.0.

9-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch. Fully Jewelled, Mounted on 9-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet. £5.15.0

Keyless Lever Watch. Mounted with Diamonds. (Brilliants) set in Platinum, on Black Moire Silk Strap with Diamond Buckle Fastening. £32.10.0

To maintain the highest quality with moderation in price is the Company's consistent policy.

Only Address:

112, Regent Street, London, W.

Presents for the Troops

¶ Christmas presents for the troops are naturally being purchased in great quantities, and are being sent all over Europe, as well as to men training at home. For the latter nothing is more acceptable than that clever little contrivance known as "Tommy's Cooker," which comprises a pocket stove filled with solid methylated spirit, and a pan in which water, soup, milk, cocoa, or anything else can speedily be warmed in or out of doors. This practical invention weighs only five and a half ounces and is small enough to be carried in the pocket; while the solid methylated spirit not only gives out a very powerful heat, but produces a flame that is not blown out by the wind. Re-fills for these cookers can be bought at any chemist's, or from the makers at 31 Carburton Street, Great Portland Street, London.

A Present for the Fighting Line

¶ Yet another present of utmost value to those who are in the fighting line is Harbutt's Fibrous Plasticine, which has been specially prepared to prevent gun-deafness. A small piece made into a plug and placed into each ear effectually cut up the nerve-shattering concussions of high explosives, and so prevents that distressing form of deafness that too often follows an action. This particular preparation, which is used by the War Office and the Admiralty, as well as by hundreds of men already in the firing line, can be bought in tin pocket cases from the makers at Harbutt's Plasticine Works, 15 Bathampton, Bath.

To Save Coal

¶ A matter of extreme importance to housekeepers is the new preparation "Seldonite"—a secret chemical preparation in the form of powder which, mixed with water and poured over coal of any description, not only makes it burn far brighter than in the ordinary way, but makes it last double the time. With coal at its present high price, "Seldonite" is a real boon to housekeepers, who, from all parts of the country, not only testify to its value, but after practical use agree that a ton of coal treated with "Seldonite" goes double as far as it would in the ordinary way. It has the merit of making coal give off more heat, does away with all waste, and makes it possible to use up every particle of slack coal. Moreover, small or large quantities of coal can be treated without the slightest trouble, it being quite as easy to treat a ton or more of coal as it is to prepare a scuttle full. "Seldonite" has already been proved to be of such practical value that it is used in all big hotels, hospitals, and clubs, as well as in private houses; and in every case its use not only produces brighter and far better fires, but it halves the annual coal bill. Full particulars and sample boxes can be had from The Seldonite Laboratories, Ltd., 15 and 19 Vine Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

TOMMY'S COOKER

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A Winter Toilet Luxury

¶ At the present season, when colds and chills are to be expected, the new toilet luxury of specially prepared bath mustard, put up in small packets suitable for adding to hot baths, comes as a distinct boon.

Not only does a hot bath to which this special mustard, prepared by the well-known firm of Messrs. Coleman, cure and prevent colds, but it proves a simple and easy remedy for winter chills, and does away with all effects of fatigue after outdoor exercise of every kind. Full particulars can be had from Messrs. Coleman, Norwich.

A Christmas Present for the Book Lover

¶ For the book lover no present could be more acceptable than one of the Oxford Sectional Bookcases, which can be fitted into any room or library. The great value of this particular handy piece of furniture is that one can add to one's bookcase as one's library grows, for each section is in itself a perfectly constructed piece of furniture, made of the best seasoned wood and having no unsightly metal bands nor tongues for joining the sections, which are connected by an extremely simple process, which makes the bookcase so perfectly rigid that it cannot be pulled apart. These bookcases are made with or without glass doors, and can be had to fit every size book, while special sections are made to fit corners of rooms. Full particulars of this most useful present can be had from the original makers, Messrs. W. Baker and Co., Library Specialists, Oxford.

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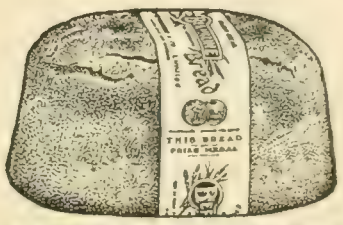

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By the use of Harbutt's FIBROUS PLASTICINE

Used by the War Office and Admiralty and by hundreds of our men in the firing line.

Harbutt's FIBROUS PLASTICINE

A small piece made into a plug and placed in each ear effectually cuts up the nerve-shattering concussions of high explosives, and so prevents that terribly distressing form of deafness that so often follows an action.

Strong tin pocket cases 8d. *and* 1/3 *post paid. Extra if sent to the Expeditionary Forces—* 3d. *on the small box, and* 9d. *on the large.*

Harbutt's Plasticine, Ltd., 15, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

Index to Vol. XXI.

(August to December, 1915.)

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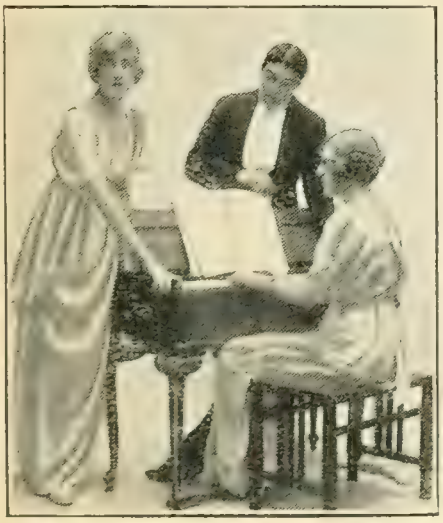
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SIXPENCE WEEKLY

10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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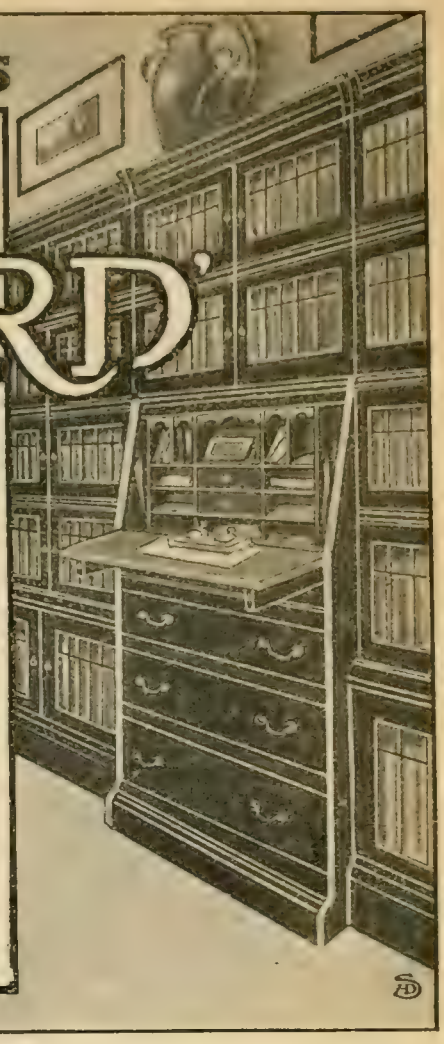

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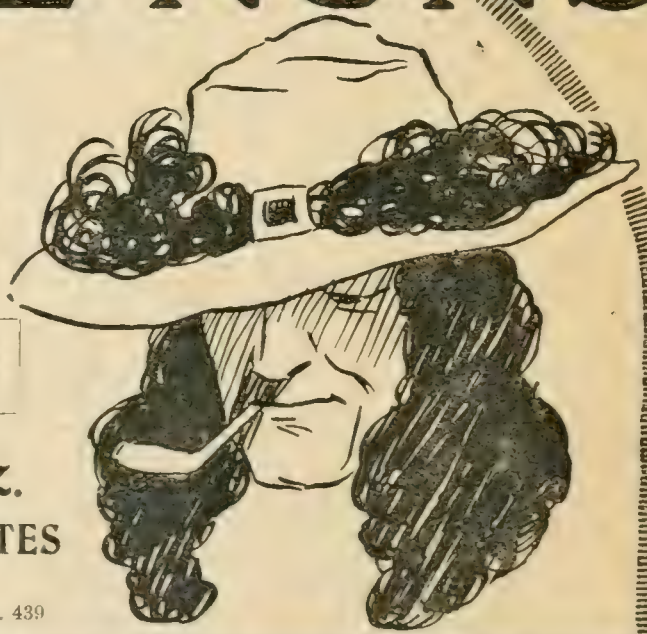

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1915

Desolation

By William Watson

OUT of the gutters and slums of Hell—
Disgorged from the vast infernal sewer—
Vomited forth from a world where dwell
Childhood, maidenhood, wifehood pure—
She arose and towered on earth and sea,
Clothed in her green putridity.
She arose refreshed from a blissful dream
Of anguished age and ravished youth,
And innocence racked with woe extreme:
She arose to make the dream a truth.
And there where storied rivers ran,
And the roots of cities were deep in time,
And the ages pealed a mellow chime,
And the rapt and kneeling spirit of man
Had lifted far above dust and mire
Adoring turret and suppliant spire,
Her royal progress at last began.
For the daughter of offal, the sister obscene
Of whatever on earth is most unclean,
The spawning mother of nameless things,
Rode forth in a chariot drawn by Kings,
And herself by Kings was hailed a Queen.
She wafted, to east and west and south,
Miasma foul, malaria fell,
The carrion reek of her loathsome mouth,
The breath of the gutters and slums of Hell.
She beckoned the vulture poised in air;

He had long been stinted of dainties rare;
He was lean with famine and hoarse with drouth;
She promised him rich and sumptuous fare.
And around her she gathered many a Shape
That now seemed man and anon seemed ape,
And at heart was a dragon loosed from its lair.
The things of beak and talon and maw,
The creatures that know but one red law,
They lagged not afar, they were not slack
To answer her summons and follow her track;
And with hands of havoc she came to lay
Old Art and Learning in ashes gray;
She came to burn, she came to sack,
She came to devour, deflower, and slay.
She came to stretch all life on the rack,
And hath she a peer or a fellow? Nay!
The jungle's ambushed mouths of prey,
Beside *her* savagery, what are they?
Ounce and pard and panther lack
The ensanguined lust that reddens her way.
Their fury stops where the breakers play,
But hers neither land nor sea can stay,
And at deaths of lovers 'mid ocean-wrack
Her soul makes merry, her heart is gay.
O to behold her in sick dismay,
By a hurricane Nemesis buffeted back
On a ravaging plague-wind tempest-black,
And the hounds of vengeance, a raging pack,
At the heels of their quarry with jubilant bay;
Hunting her out of the light of day
And into the pit she graced full well;
Out of the world where children play,
Back to the gutters and slums of Hell!

El Masgad

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The camp was pitched upon the north bank of the Wad Nefis, not far from Tamoshlacht. Above it towered the Atlas, looking like a wall, with scarce a peak to break its grim monotony. A fringe of garden lands enclosed the sanctuary, in which the great Sherif lived in patriarchal style; half saint, half warrior, but wholly a merchant at the bottom, as are so many Arabs; all his surroundings enjoyed peculiar sanctity.

In the long avenue of cypresses the birds lived safely, for no one dared to frighten them, much less to fire a shot. His baraka, that is the grace abounding, that distils from out the clothes, the person and each action of men such as the Sherif, who claim descent in apostolic continuity, from the Blessed One, Mohammed, Allah's own messenger, protected everything. Of a mean presence, like the man who stood upon the Areopagus, and beckoned with his hand, before he cast the spell of his keen, humoristic speech upon the Greeks, the holy one was of a middle stature. His face was marked with smallpox. His clothes were dirty, and his haik he sometimes mended with a thorn, doubling it, and thrusting one end through a slit to form a safety-pin. His shoes were never new, his turban like an old bath towel; yet in his belt he wore a dagger with a gold hilt, for he was placed so far above the law, by virtue of his blood, that though the Koran especially enjoins the faithful not to wear gold, all that he did was good.

Though he drank nothing but pure water, or, for that matter, lapped it like a camel, clearing the scum off with his fingers if on a journey, he might have drank champagne or brandy, or mixed the two of them, for the Arabs are the most logical of men, and to them such a man as the Sherif is holy, not from anything he does, but because Allah has ordained it. An attitude of mind as good as any other, and one that, after all, makes a man tolerant of human frailties.

Allah gives courage, virtue, eloquence, or skill in horsemanship. He gives or he withholds them for his good pleasure; what he has written he has written, and therefore he who is without these gifts is not held blamable. If he should chance to be a saint, that is a true descendant, in the male line, from him who answered nobly when his foolish followers asked him if his young wife, Ayesha, should sit at his right hand in paradise, "By Allah, not she; but old Kadijah, she who when all men mocked me, cherished and loved, she shall sit at my right hand," that is enough for them.

So the Sherif was honoured, partly because he had great jars stuffed with gold coin, the produce of his olive yards, and also of the tribute that the faithful brought him; partly because of his descent, and perhaps, more than all, on account of his great store of Arab lore on every subject upon earth. His fame was great, extending right through the Sus, the Draa, and down to Tazaûelt, where it met the opposing current of the grace of Bashir-el-Biruk, Sherif of the Wad-Nun. He liked to talk to Europeans, partly to show his learning, and partly to hear about the devilries they had invented to complicate their lives.

So when the evening prayer was called, and all was silent in his house, the faithful duly prostrate on their faces before Allah, who seems to take as little heed of them as he does of the other warring sects, each with its doctrine of damnation for their brethren outside the pale, the Sherif, who seldom prayed, knowing that even if he did so he could neither make nor yet unmake himself in Allah's sight, called for his mule, and with two Arabs running by his side set out towards the unbeliever's camp.

Though the Sherif paid no attention to it, the scene he rode through was like fairyland. The moonbeams falling on the domes of house and mosque and sanctuary, lit up the green and yellow tiles, making them sparkle like enamels. Long shadows of the cypresses cast great bands of darkness upon the red sand of the avenue. The croaking of the frogs sounded metallic, and by degrees resolved itself into a continuous tinkle, soothing and musical, in the Atlas night. Camels lay ruminating, their monstrous packs upon their backs. As the Sherif passed by them on his mule they snarled and bubbled, and a faint odour as of a

menagerie, mingled with that of tar, with which the Arabs cure their girth and saddle galls, floated towards him, although no doubt custom had made it so familiar that he never heeded it.

From the Arab huts that gather around every sanctuary, their owners living on the baraka, a high-pitched voice to the accompaniment of a two-stringed guitar played with a piece of stiff palmetto leaf, and the monotonous Arab drum, that if you listen to it long enough invades the soul, blots from the mind the memory of towns and makes the hearer long to cast his hat into the sea and join the dwellers in the tents, blended so inextricably with the shrill cricket's note, and the vast orchestra of the insects that were praising Allah on that night, each after his own fashion, that it was difficult to say where the voice ended and the insects' hum began.

Still, in despite of all, the singing Arab, croaking of the frogs, and the shrill pæans of the insects, the night seemed calm and silent, for all the voices were attuned so well to the surroundings that the serenity of the whole scene was unimpaired.

The tents lay in the moonlight like gigantic mushrooms, the rows of bottles cut in blue cloth with which the Arabs ornament them, stood out upon the canvas as if in high relief. The first light dew was falling, frosting the canvas as a piece of ice condenses air upon a glass. In a long line before the tents stood the pack animals munching their corn placed on a cloth upon the ground.

A dark-grey horse still with his saddle on, for fear of the night air, was tied near to the door of the chief tent, well in his owner's eye. Now and again he pawed the ground, looked up, and neighed, straining upon the hobbles that confined his feet fast to the picket line.

On a camp chair his owner sat and smoked, and now and then half got up from his seat when the horse plunged or any of the mules stepped on their shackles and nearly fell upon the ground.

As the Sherif approached he rose to welcome him, listening to all the reiterated compliments and inquiries that no self-respecting Arab ever omits when he may chance to meet a friend.

A good address, like mercy, is twice blest, both in the

giver and in the recipient of it; but chiefly it is beneficial to the giver, for in addition to the pleasure that he gives, he earns his own respect. Well did both understand this aspect of the question, and so the compliments stretched out into perspectives quite unknown in Europe, until the host, taking his visitor by the hand, led him inside the tent. "Ambassador," said the Sherif, although he knew his friend was but a Consul, "my heart yearned towards thee, so I have come to talk with thee of many things, because I know that thou art wise, not only in the learning of thy people, but in that of our own."

The Consul, not knowing what the real import of the visit might portend, so to speak, felt his adversary's blade, telling him he was welcome, and that at all times his tent and house were at the disposition of his friend. Clapping his hands he called for tea, and when it came, the little flowered and gold-rimmed glasses, set neatly in a row, the red tin box with two compartments, one for the tea and one for the blocks of sugar, the whole surrounding the small dome-shaped pewter teapot, all placed in order on the heavy copper tray, he waved the equipage towards the Sherif, tacitly recognising his superiority in the art of tea-making. Seated beside each other on a mattress they drank the sacramental three cups of tea, and then, after the Consul had lit his cigarette, the Sherif having refused one with a gesture of his hand and a half-murmured "Haram"—that is, "It is prohibited"—they then began to talk.

Much had they got to say about the price of barley and the drought; of tribal fights; of where our Lord the Sultan was, and if he had reduced the rebels in the hills, matters that constitute the small talk of the tents, just as the weather and the fashionable divorce figure in drawing-rooms. Knowing what was expected of him the Consul touched on European politics, upon inventions, the progress that the French had made upon the southern frontier of Algeria; and as he thus unpacked his news with due prolixity, the Sherif now and again interjected one or another of those pious phrases, such as "Allah is merciful," or "God's ways are wonderful," which at the same time show the interjector's piety, and give the man who is discoursing time to collect himself, and to prepare another phrase.

After a little conversation languished, and the two men

who knew each other well sat listlessly, the Consul smoking and the Sherif passing the beads of a cheap wooden rosary between the fingers of his right hand, whilst with his left he waved a cotton pocket handkerchief to keep away the flies.

Looking up at his companion, "Consul," he said, for he had now dropped the Ambassador, with which he first had greeted him, "you know us well, you speak our tongue; even you know Shillah, the language of the accursed Berbers, and have translated Sidi Hammo into the speech of Nazarenes—I beg your pardon—of the Rumi," for he had seen a flush rise on the Consul's cheek.

"You like our country, and have lived in it for more than twenty years. I do not speak to you about our law, for every man cleaves to his own, but of our daily life. Tell me now, which of the two makes a man happier, the law of Sidna Aissa, or that of our Prophet, God's own Messenger?"

He stopped and waited courteously, playing with his naked toes, just as a European plays with his fingers, in the intervals of speech.

The Consul sent a veritable solfatara of tobacco smoke out of his mouth and nostrils, and laying down his cigarette returned no answer for a little while.

Perchance his thoughts were wandering towards the cities brilliant with light—the homes of science and of art. Cities of vain endeavour in which men pass their lives thinking of the condition of their poorer brethren, but never making any move to get down off their backs. He thought of London and of Paris and New York, the dwelling places both of law and order, and the abodes of noise. He pondered on their material advancement: their tubes that burrow underneath the ground, in which run railways carrying their thousands all the day and far into the night; upon their hospitals, their charitable institutions, their legislative assemblies, and their museums, with their picture galleries, their theatres—on the vast sums bestowed to forward arts and sciences, and on the poor who shiver in their streets and cower under railway arches in the dark winter nights.

As he sat with his cigarette smouldering beside him in a little brazen pan, the night breeze brought the heavy scent of orange blossoms, for it was spring, and all the gardens

of the sanctuary each had its orange grove. Never had they smelt sweeter, and never had the croaking of the frogs seemed more melodious, or the cricket's chirp more soothing to the soul.

A death's-head moth whirred through the tent, poising itself, just as a humming bird hangs stationary probing the petals of a flower. The gentle murmur of its wings brought back the Consul's mind from its excursus in the regions of reality, or unreality, for all is one according to the point of view.

"Sherif," he said, "what you have asked me I will answer to the best of my ability.

"Man's destiny is so precarious that neither your law nor our own appear to me to influence it, or at the best but slightly.

"One of your learned Talebs, or our men of science, as they call themselves, with the due modesty of conscious worth, is passing down a street, and from a house-top slips a tile and falls upon his head. There he lies huddled up, an ugly bundle of old clothes, inert and shapeless, whilst his immortal soul leaves his poor mortal body, without which all its divinity is incomplete. Then perhaps after an hour comes back again and the man staggering to his feet begins to talk about God's attributes, or about carrying a line of railroad along a precipice."

The Sherif, who had been listening with the respect that every well-bred Arab gives to the man who has possession of the word, said, "It was so written. The man could not have died or never could have come to life again had it not been Allah's will."

His friend smiled grimly and rejoined, "That is so; but as Allah never manifests his will, except in action, just as we act towards a swarm of ants, annihilating some and sparing others as we pass; it does not matter very much what Allah thinks about, as it regards ourselves."

"When I was young," slowly said the Sherif, "whilst in the slave trade far away beyond the desert, I met the pagan tribes.

"They had no God . . . like Christians. . . . Pardon me, I know you know our phrase: nothing but images of wood.

"Those infidels, who, by the way, were just as apt at a good bargain as if their fathers all had bowed themselves

in Christian Temple or in Mosque, when they received no answer to their prayers, would pull their accursed images down from their shrines, paint them jet black, and hang them from a nail.

"Heathens they were, ignorant even of the name of God, finding their heaven and their hell here upon earth, just like the animals, but . . . sometimes I have thought not quite bereft of reason, for they had not the difficulties you have about the will of Allah and the way in which he works.

"They made their gods themselves, just as we do," and as he spoke he lowered his voice and peered out of the tent door; "but wiser than ourselves they kept a tight hand on them, and made their will, as far as possible, coincide with their own.

"It is the hour of prayer. . . .

"How pleasantly the time passes away conversing with one's friends"; and as he spoke he stood erect, turning towards Mecca, as mechanically as the needle turns towards the pole.

His whole appearance altered and his mean presence suffered a subtle change. With eyes fixed upon space, and hands uplifted, he testified to the existence of the one God, the Compassionate, the Merciful, the Bounteous, the Generous One, who alone giveth victory.

Then, sinking down, he laid his forehead on the ground, bringing his palms together. Three times he bowed himself, and then rising again upon his feet recited the confession of his faith.

The instant he had done he sat him down again; but gravely and with the air of one who has performed an action, half courteous, half obligatory, but refreshing to the soul.

The Consul, who well knew his ways, and knew that probably he seldom prayed at home, and that the prayers he had just seen most likely were a sort of affirmation of his neutral attitude before a stranger, yet was interested.

Then, when the conversation was renewed, he said to him, "Prayer seems to me, Sherif, to be the one great difference between the animals and man.

"As to the rest, we live and die, drink, eat, and propa-

gate our species, just as they do; but no one ever heard of any animal who had addressed himself to God."

A smile flitted across the pock-marked features of the descendant of the Prophet, and looking gravely at his friend,

"Consul," he said, "Allah to you has given many things. He has endowed you with your fertile brains, that have searched into forces which had remained unknown in nature since the sons of Adam first trod the surface of the earth. All that you touch you turn to gold, and as our saying goes, 'Gold builds a bridge across the sea.'

"Ships, aeroplanes, cannons of monstrous size, and little instruments by which you see minutest specks as if they were great rocks; all these you have and yet you doubt His power.

"To us, the Arabs, we who came from the lands of fire in the Hejaz and Hadramut. We who for centuries have remained unchanged, driving our camels as our fathers drove them, eating and drinking as our fathers ate and drank, and living face to face with God. . . . Consu', you should not smile, for do we not live closer to Him than you do, under the stars at night, out in the sun by day, our lives almost as simple as the lives of animals? To us He has vouchsafed gifts that He either has withheld from you, or that you have neglected in your pride.

"Thus we still keep our faith. . . . Faith in the God who set the planets in their courses, bridled the tides, and caused the palm to grow beside the river so that the traveller may rest beneath its shade, and resting, praise His name.

"You ask me, who ever heard of any animal that addressed himself to God. He in His infinite power . . . be sure of it . . . is He not merciful and compassionate, wonderful in His ways, harder to follow than the track that a gazelle leaves in the desert sands; it cannot be that He could have denied them access to His ear?

"Did not the lizard, Consul, . . . Hamed el Angri, the runner, the man who never can rest long in any place, but must be ever tightening his belt and pulling up his slippers at the heel to make ready for the road, . . . did he not tell you of El Hokaitsallah, the little lizard who, being late upon the day when Allah took away speech from all

the animals, ran on the beam in the great mosque at Mecca, and dumbly scratched his prayer?"

The Consul nodded. "Hamed el Angri," he said, "no doubt is still upon the road, by whose side he will die one day of hunger or of thirst. . . . Yes; he told me of it, and I wrote it in a book. . . ."

"Write this then," the Sherif went on, "Allah in his compassion, and in case the animals, bereft of speech, that is in Arabic, for each has his own tongue, should not be certain of the direction of the Kiblah, has given the power to a poor insect which we call El Masgad to pray for all of them. With its head turned to Mecca, as certainly as if he had the needle of the mariners, he prays at El Magreb.

"All day he sits erect and watches for his prey. At eventide, just at the hour of El Magreb, when from the 'alminares' of the Mosques the muezzin calls upon the faithful for their prayers, he adds his testimony.

"Consu', Allah rejects no prayer, however humble, and that the little creature knows. He knows that Allah does not answer every prayer; but yet the prayer remains; it is not blotted out, and perhaps some day it may fructify, for it is written in the book.

"Therefore El Masgad prays each night for all the animals, yet being but a little thing and simple, it has not strength to testify at all the hours laid down in Mecca by our Lord Mohammed, he of the even teeth, the curling hair and the grave smile, that never left his face after he had communed with Allah in the cave."

The Consul dropped his smoked-out cigarette and, stretching over to his friend, held out his hand to him.

"Sherif," he said, "maybe El Masgad prays for you and me, as well as for its kind?"

The answer came: "Consu', doubt not; it is a little animal of God, . . . we too are in His hand. . . ."

British Ballads

By Sir Henry Newbolt

When we speak of ballads we include under that one title a number of poems of half-a-dozen different kinds produced during the earlier periods of our literary history, some in Scotland, some in England, and some upon the Border. These poems are rightly grouped together; they are all old, they are all anonymous, and, however they may differ, they all have in common a peculiar quality, not easy to define offhand, but not in the least difficult to recognise. To some this quality is very attractive; others have no taste for it—the division is as sharp as that between those who love music and those who classify it as a useless kind of noise. I am not sure that it is not even more fundamental. Certainly the appetite for ballads and the power of getting sustenance from them are generally developed in very early life, and a love of other kinds of poetry does not always follow in later years. Sir Walter Scott found the ballads in boyhood, and never left them for any other mood. "I remember well," he says, "the spot where I read those volumes—Percy's *Reliques*—for the first time. It was beneath a large platanus tree in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden. The summer day sped on so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was found still entranced in my intellectual banquet."

Sir Walter is, of course, the extreme instance, but in this one point he is probably typical: he loved ballads in youth and he loved them by nature. The discovery which he made at thirteen can seldom be made by anyone at a later age, simply because we have ballads always with us; we cannot pass many years without at least making their acquaintance, for they are represented in every collection of poems for the young, whether in school or out of school. No doubt the choice offered is generally a rather

restricted one; these poems are, many of them, stark primitive stuff; they belong to the dangerous region, which we think it better for our children to enter unguided and when we are not present. But in that respect the times have imperceptibly become easier; the boy of fifty years ago had to subsist on a bare dozen ballads gleaned from *Nightingale Valley* and other mixed anthologies; the boy of to-day will probably be given, if he asks for it, the *Oxford Book of Ballads*, with a well-gathered harvest of a hundred and seventy-six.

These are, I think, enough for anyone. A much smaller volume would contain all the really popular ones, for those who love ballads generally make the same choice—within certain limits. If a hundred of us were cast away upon a desert island, and set to work to reconstruct from our joint memories a book of favourite ballads, the total number recoverable would be perhaps a dozen, certainly not more than twenty. Of the rest nothing would survive but a few skeleton plots and a handful of striking phrases. Among the best remembered would be *The Milldams of Binnorie* and *Sir Patrick Spens* and *The Douglas Tragedy* and *Lord Randal* and *Childe Maurice*; those, at any rate, are the five names which came first to Professor Ker's mind in answer to the question "What is a Ballad?" and Professor Ker is not only a critic, but a Borderer. To these five someone else would certainly add *Thomas the Rhymer* and *Clerk Saunders* and *The Wife of Usher's Well* and the *Twa Corbies* and the *Lykewake Dirge*,—and then the difficulties would begin. Everyone would vote for *The Nut-brown Maid*, but no memory would be able to recall so long and complicated a piece; everyone would wish to include some of the outlaw ballads—*Jock o' the Side* or *A Geste of Robin Hood*—but these, too, would be beyond recovery, except in glittering fragments. The collection then, when made, would, I believe, turn out to be a small one; but whatever the number of favourites might be, it would not represent a diversity of feeling, for the pleasure derived from ballads is always the same in kind, if not in degree.

This is important, for it is a reflection which might occur to the most unlearned or uncritical of the castaways whom I have imagined, and it would show him that ballads

have in them a peculiar quality—a "singularity," as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has called it—which marks them off clearly from the work of the known poets of any age. When that work is in question, to be a lover of poetry does not mean to be a lover of all poetry or of all poets. One man will carry Milton in his pocket, and not tolerate Swinburne upon his shelves; one will read all the philosophic poets and neglect all the romantic ones. Over our contemporaries the divisions are sometimes sharper and more subtly personal; many of us can remember the years when there was as keen a feud between the partisans of Tennyson and Browning as between the followers of Douglas and Percy. Those who lived habitually in the territory of the one could not visit that of the other even for an hour except for hostile purposes. No such antagonisms are known among the lovers of ballads; their choice may vary, but the reason of their choice is the same.

It is worth while, I think, to pursue this train of thought, to follow out the comparison of ballad poetry with other kinds of poetry, and to ascertain if possible what is the explanation of the peculiar attractiveness of which I have spoken. Let us begin in the most direct way by looking at the ballads themselves. Of the twelve already named the first is one of the oldest and most widely known. It has many names and many forms; it is known as *The Twa Sisters*, or as *The Milldams o' Binnorie*, or simply as *Binnorie* or *Binórie*; the story is a good deal varied in the different versions, and there are at least four sets of refrains in use. In modern collections the form chosen is usually that given in Scott's *Minstrelsy*:—

There were twa sisters sat in a bower,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he loved the youngest abune a' thing,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The story is a very ancient one, found in Norway, Sweden, and Iceland as well as in Scotland; it is, in fact, a Scandinavian folk-tale. The elder sister is jealous, and

pushes the younger into the mill-dam. When the dead body is brought ashore a harper comes by, and

> He's taen three locks o' her yellow hair
> And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

When he comes to her father's hall the harp plays of its own accord and calls for vengeance.

In this form, if not in this exact version, we have the original type of the ballad or *ballata*—a kind of primitive game of dance and song combined. A story was told in recitative by one performer, or perhaps by more than one, improvising the couplets in turn, while the dancers continually came in between with a line of their own, a chorus or refrain which was always the same. Another ballad of this primitive type is *Cospatrick*, also called *Gil Brenton*:—

> We were sisters, sisters seven,
> *Bowing down, bowing down,*
> The fairest women under heaven,
> *And aye the birks a-bowing.*

Others are *Willy's Lady*, *Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight*, *the Riddling Knight*, *Bonnie Annie*, *Earl Brand*, and the unique poem called *A Lyke-Wake Dirge*:—

> This ae night, this ae night,
> *Every night and alle,*
> Fire and fleet and candle light,
> *And Christe receive thy saule.*
>
> When thou from hence away art past,
> *Every night and alle,*
> To Whinny Muir thou comst at last,
> *And Christe receive thy saule.*

After Whinny Muir is passed, the dead man comes to Brig o' Dread and then to Purgatory; the theology would seem to be a Pagan one converted to Christian use. This poem, it may be noted, was clearly never intended to be danced, but only to be sung; and it is probable that the same is true of all these ballads—they have preserved the primitive form, but as a choral and not as a choric form.

A further stage is reached when we come to *Lord Randal*—a dramatic dialogue between a mother and her

son who has been poisoned by a lady whom he calls his true-love :—

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wildwood: mother make my bed soon
For I'm weary wi' hunting and fain would lie down."

"Where got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where got ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my true-love: mother make my bed soon
For I'm weary wi' hunting and fain would lie down."

Here there is no longer a chorus; the piece must be sung in alternate couplets by two voices or by two sets of voices. But the monotonous charm of the older form is preserved to a great extent by the continual repetitions in the phrasing of the dialogue.

The next change is a more far-reaching one: the ballad is now adapted for one voice only by completely abandoning refrain or alternation, and telling the story in four-line stanzas of direct narrative :—

There lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she:
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

The three sons are drowned, but a tremendous adjuration by their mother brings them home again in flesh and blood to spend one more night under her roof. At dawn they return to their grave :—

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey;
The oldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

Here all that remains of the original form is the four-line stanza and a very effective use of repetition and parallelism, which is, I think, a last survival of the primitive refrain. In *Childe Maurice*, a much longer story with a more developed plot, these devices are lavishly used and quite indispensable :—

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,
"Lined wi' the silver-gris;
Bid her to come to Silver Wood
To speak with Childe Maurice.

"And here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"A ring of the precious stone;
He prays her come to Silver Wood,
And ask the leave of none."

The little man John bears the message so well that he delivers it exactly in his master's own style :—

"I come, I am come from Childe Maurice,
A message unto thee!
And Childe Maurice he greets you well,
And ever so well from me."

Even the lady catches the trick of it :—

"Now peace, now peace, thou little man John,
For Christ's sake I pray thee!" . . .
O, aye she stampèd with her foot,
And winkèd with her e'e. . . .

It is evident that what has now been reached is a purely literary form—a form which has nothing to do with dancing, which does not need a chorus of voices, or a singing voice at all; a form adapted for plain recital, or even for the silence of the written or printed word. And this form is so simple and effective that it can be used for the telling of many different kinds of stories. First came, no doubt, the old-world legends, the tales of elfin knights like Tam Lin, of sad ghosts returning from their graves like Clerk Saunders, or of knights or ladies brought to suspicion or death by cruel mistake, like Childe Maurice, or the bonny maid who was Cospatrick's bride twice over. Then the mediæval romances were quarried for similar material, and from the story of Ogier the Dane came the ballad of *Thomas the Rhymer*, who was carried away to live seven years with the Queen of Elfland. But Thomas the Rhymer was the name of a real man in a definite century, so the ballad treats the story as a historical romance, and gives "the Eildon Tree" as the scene of the meeting. The same process may be seen in the ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*, which tells of a Scottish historical event not to be found in Scottish history. And this is true also of *Mary Hamilton*, a beautifully told story which may have been founded in part on a real event, but which certainly re-arranges Queen Mary's Court with a good deal of freedom.

But even before the date of these last two, the ballad had claimed to recite history as what may be called "true romance." The Battle of Otterburn was a historical event, and a favourite subject on the Border; further south the equally popular stories of Robin Hood were believed to

be equally historical. On both these subjects there were probably older and better ballads than any which we now possess. The still extant versions are remarkable for their length; and though they still keep to the old methods, they seldom achieve the finer touches of the old ballads. But they belong unmistakably to the ballad fellowship, and so do all those others, such as *Jock o' the Side*, *Hobbie Noble*, *Johnnie Armstrong*, *Jamie Telfer*, *Kinmont Willie*, and *Auld Maitland*, which tell plain tales of outlawry and Border feud; and with them must be remembered *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow* and the lament for *Helen of Kirkconnell*, and, above all, *The Nutbrown Maid*, though it is not really a ballad, nor even a tale of outlawry. But in its long and highly-finished duologue it keeps the tradition of the noble "banished man," and portrays a still more noble woman whose virtues are those of the true ballad age.

In point of time it is hard to say exactly when the Robin Hood and Chevy Chase period ended; no doubt on the Border and in Scotland it lasted longer than in the south. But in point of style and matter there is no difficulty in drawing a line. If we speak of such a piece as *The Children in the Wood* or *The Lady turned Servingman* as a ballad, we are no longer using the word in the same sense. These are domestic anecdotes in verse, and after them come a whole progeny of others, of which we can only say that the best are comically doleful and the worst dolefully comic:—

> Lady Alice was sitting in her bower-window
> Mending her midnight quoif,
> And there she saw as fine a corpse
> As ever she saw in her life.

This is a mere travesty of the old ballads, and so is the *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, a cockney version of *Young Bekie*:—

> O when she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,
> How boldly then she rang the bell!
> "Who's there? Who's there?" cried the proud young porter
> "O come unto me pray quickly tell."
>
> "O, is this here Lord Bateman's castle,
> And is his lordship here within?"
> "O yes, O yes," cried the proud young porter,
> "He's just now taking his young bride in."

Instances might be multiplied; but these, I think, are enough to convince anyone. When we have reached his lordship's door-bell we have come a long way from our starting-point—so long a way that the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie are completely out of sight.

Let us turn back and take up our inquiry again, with our favourite ballads freshly in mind. What is their singularity? To what is due the special pleasure which we all derive from them?—a pleasure which we do not get from Lord Bateman or Lady Alice. It is not enough to answer, "The old ballads are poetry and these are not." Poetry is a vague term, and I have found great and violent differences of opinion as to its scope. We need not reject such an answer, but we cannot be content with it unless we are told what is meant by poetry, and also to which of the many kinds of poetry the ballads belong; for there are distinctions in the pleasure derived from poetry. It is apparently the opinion of one living critic—one from whom I should be very reluctant to differ—that the ballads are poetry, but not the best poetry; not to be compared, for instance, with the best of Herrick, Gray, Landor, or Browning. His defence of them—and of us who love them—is that the contrast is unfair, "much as any contrast between children and grown folk would be unfair." Their charm is that "they appealed to something young in the national mind." Again, we need not reject this explanation, but we may, I think, claim to interpret it in our own way. What is the "something young" in the mind of the ballad-lover? Is it really something which we, either as individuals or as a nation, have outgrown? And again, if we have outgrown it, is not that perhaps a change which we may regret, a change which we may find ourselves reversing by a still further growth?

I believe so, and my belief is founded upon the view which I hold of the nature and value of poetry. In that view the main pleasure or satisfaction derived from poetry by the man who hears or reads it is the enjoyment of a new and more perfect world. There is naturally present in most men, and strongly and frequently present in many, a sense of dissatisfaction with the sorry scheme of things in which we live, and a profound desire for an existence not wholly different in its elements but so re-created as to

be no longer alien and oppressive to the spirit. But however strong this desire, there are but few who can recreate life for themselves, even in imagination. All men are poets, especially in childhood, but the vast majority are poets only in a low degree; the power of grasping an intuition, of shaping an ideal, has remained undeveloped in them; they have never gained the power of so expressing their intuitions as to make them acceptable to others. But in the lovers of poetry the desire is still there, the desire for a beauty which is not unfamiliar but unspoiled, the home-sickness for a country which is their own transfigured in the light of a dream. It is for those who can work this transfiguration for us that we reserve the name of poet.

About the way of the poet, the process or power by which he works, there are many things to be said, but only two or three are now to our purpose. First, it is the poet's personality upon which all depends: the light which transfigures life for us is the light of *his* dream, the country to which he takes us is the native land of *his* spirit, and afterwards, if we will, of ours. It follows naturally, I think, that we are more likely to enter his kingdom thankfully and stay there long, if it very closely resembles that which is already ours, the so-called "real world" which we find so delightful if it were not so transient, so beautiful if it were not so squalid. The greatest moments of poetry are those of lyric or tragic intensity, when the ruins of earth are seen against the radiance of the eternal dawn. But in gentler scenes, too, the same sense of contrast may be present, even though it is only suggested, as by a distant cloud or the haunting murmur of Time. It was a theory of the mid-Victorian critics that poets could be divided into two classes: those who guide us through the real world, and those who offer us a temporary escape from it to a refuge in the world of imagination; they labelled Browning "helpful," and William Morris only "restful." Morris, in the famous Apology which preludes *The Earthly Paradise*, no doubt seemed to countenance this view, claiming only that he strove

> "to build a shadowy isle of bliss
> Midmost the beating of that steely sea,
> Where tossed about all hearts of men must be."

But the power of these very words lies not in their concealment but in their remembrance of the contrast they regret; and through the whole of Morris's poetry, as through the whole of his active life, this remembrance is continuous. The creator of Pompilia could not be less "restful" than he who told the story of Alcestis, the story of Sigurd, the story of the lovers of Gudrun; and Morris, even when he makes his foreground bright and throws only the distance into shadow, is none the less a sad and moving influence. Great poetry is never an escape from life; it is the desire for life renewed.

The poet, then, in re-creating the world for us, haunts us with the remembrance of imperfection and perfection. And in doing this he uses the power of words, a power always great but at times working so strongly and inexplicably that we can only describe the effect as magical. I am not now speaking of words of beauty or fitness—words, for example, such as those which make up the bulk of Shakespeare's plays:—

> For what we have we prize not to the worth
> Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
> Why then we rack the value, then we find
> The virtues that possession would not show us
> Whiles it was ours.

These are fit words, and those which follow them are beautiful:—

> So will it fare with Claudio.
> When he shall hear she died upon his words,
> The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
> Into his study of imagination:
> And every lovely organ of her life
> Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
> More moving-delicate and full of life,
> Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
> Than when she lived indeed: then shall he mourn,
> And wish he had not so accused her.

Exquisite as these lines are, they do not surprise us; they are what we might have expected from Shakespeare, a characteristic, almost everyday utterance of the man we know familiarly. But this same man has moments when we know him no longer, flashes that play about him as from some unimaginable power. Suddenly, in a song, in a sonnet, in a speech, the words, though simple in themselves, are felt to be ranged in a magical order and to convey an

emotion that is beyond their intellectual meaning, and almost beyond the personality of their author :—

> Fear no more the heat of the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages,
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone and taen thy wages.

Who that once heard them ever forgot those lines? Or these from Sonnet LXXIII. :—

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
> In me thou seest the twilight of such day
> As after sunset fadeth in the west,
> Which, by and by, black night doth take away,
> Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

or that short, piercing cry of Iras to Cleopatra, when all is lost :—

> "Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
> And we are for the dark."

or those moonlight memories of Titania :—

> Never since the middle summer's spring
> Met we, on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
> By pavèd fountain, or by rushy brook,
> Or on the beachèd margent of the sea,
> To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
> But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.

—angry words, but in the unmistakable dialect of fairy-land.

And now what of the ballads? Is it possible, without the risk of doubting our former judgment, to think of them in the same hour with the passages I have quoted? For scope they are clearly not comparable; we should never look to find in them the deep glow of thought that broods over finished action, the pensive light "that after sunset lingers in the west." But for sudden glories of pure romance, and for that mystery of shadows by which love and youth and beauty are turned to agony, and agony again to loveliness—in the ballads you need never look far for these.

> True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
> A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
> And there he saw a ladye bright,
> Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"And see ye not yon bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

That will always hold its place among the Midsummer Nights' Dreams of fairyland. Over against it may be set the dark and terrible romance of that other night, when the young lover was shamefully stabbed in sleep:—

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

Still more haunting is the night when the dead man comes back:—

O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wildfowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way.

and when Margaret stands above his grave:—

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

These are but fragments from a poem where every verse has magic in it: a magic which by some inexplicable process turns the extremely natural into the extremely strange. Perhaps it is the same charm, too, that touches one stanza of *The Battle of Otterbourne*:—

Last night I dreamed a weary Dream
Beyond the Isle of Skye:
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And that dead man was I.

And another of *Sir Patrick Spens*:—

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

And lastly this of *Mary Hamilton*:—

> O little did my mother ken
> The day she cradled me,
> The lands I was to travel in,
> Or the death I was to die.

By these, and by a hundred other lines which every reader can pick out for himself, it is proved, I think, that the ballads have, in common with the best poetry, at least one very remarkable quality: a quality which is not intellectual, which is not actually necessary to the telling of a beautiful or moving story, but which seems to be added suddenly, beyond the expectation of the hearer, beyond even the intention of the singer himself. I am, for my part, convinced that this is so, and it seems to me to explain the undoubted fact that the work of a number of anonymous ballad-writers can give us at least one of the pleasures which we get from the work of great poets. The human spirit is perhaps not so completely divided as we think it; it is perhaps not, like the intellect, entirely the subject of private ownership and control. There may be visitings from a power beyond us, and they may come, however infrequently, to the small as well as to the great.

But there is, I think, another pleasure in respect of which the ballads will bear comparison with other poetry. The poet, as I have suggested, fulfils one of our profoundest desires by creating a new world for us, and this he does by taking our old familiar world and filling it with a new light, the peculiar radiance or twilight of his own personality. Now if we were to believe certain most learned students of ballad-literature, this satisfaction—the most characteristic and important gift of poetry—is the last which we should expect from ballads. Ballads, we are told, are not personal but communal in their origin, put together haphazard from the impromptu verses contributed by players in a round game. Or if one man made one ballad, it was merely the leader in the game, and his only object was to produce a popular chorus. In either case, the work was not an act of expression; it was objective, free from all trace of the maker's personality. On the opposite side stand two other professors, both of whom assure us that the ballads are literary, not popular productions. One believes that they were made by the mediæval

romancers or their successors, but afterwards came down in the world by passing through many humbler memories. The other suspects that they were the work of certain poets of the fifteenth century, who published other poems over their own names, but for some reason chose not to acknowledge these.

We may, I hope, reply to these three scholars that we acknowledge and envy their superiority in learning; we avail ourselves of their research, but we are unconvinced by their conclusions. Let us take their theories in order. However far back the origin of a ballad may be conjecturally placed, to believe that a poem was ever made by an evening-party is impossible to anyone who knows anything of poems or of evening-parties. Then for the mediæval minstrel, we can believe anything that is proved of him, but hardly, I think, that he made the ballads in a form more beautiful than that in which we know them, and yet lived and died nameless. Nor did a known poet write them as we have them, for they are fatally unlike the work of any known poet. Here, then, we have three inconsistent theories, all partially supported by facts, but all unacceptable. Fortunately there is a fourth explanation—that of Professor Gummere—which satisfies, I think, all the terms of the problem. Were the ballads made by the people or by individuals? By both: first by individuals, and afterwards by the tradition of the generations through which they have come down to us. In other words, though a poem cannot be made by a committee working simultaneously, it may be made by a whole people working upon it in succession; and it will then represent or express not the obscure and forgotten individual who first roughed it out, but the view of life of the community which instinctively changed it to its own likeness.

The ballads, then, after all, are not so wholly impersonal as some have thought them; by choice, by rejection, and by addition they have been made to set forth a personal view, and this they do as consistently as if they were all the compositions of a single author. The view is the view of a nation and not of an individual, but it does mingle regret and desire, it does re-create the world for us.

After what fashion? Let us look once more at the ballads; not at the manner of them, but the matter, the

stories they tell, and the unconscious attitude which they reveal. The oldest of them are not of native origin; they come, as we have seen, from the ancient folk-lore of Europe, and in particular from Scandinavia. But they are British by choice and favour; they were congenial from the first. The world they tell of is full of powers stronger than man —of Tam Lins and Queens of Elfland,—and beyond it lies a grim life of the dead, fiery trials, mouldering graves, and vain revisitings of the beloved on earth. The tales are primitive, but, I think, not childish; a child may be pleased with them, but a child could not have made them. They have meaning—not symbolic meaning, for that must be consciously created; but they are in relation to human life. To read through *Thomas the Rhymer* or *Binnorie* and not to perceive this would be but a dull amusement. When True Thomas is warned of his danger, he replies:—

> "Betide me weal, betide me woe,
> That weird shall never daunten me."
> Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
> All underneath the Eildon Tree.

That is part of no childish fairy-tale; nor is this that tells of the harper who found the dead lady:—

> He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
> And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

From the beginning, then, the ballads present life as a tale that has significance; and the significance arises naturally—that is, not from the supernatural side, but from the human passions. The ballads do not blink the passions; there is no pretence that this world is a quiet or decent place. It is not only that death, the inevitable end, is unforgotten and unhidden, but in half the stories it comes tragically, by violence, by cruelty, by treachery, or by fatal error. But there is always the tragic redemption: unflinching acceptance, without rebellion, often without complaint. John Steward kills his wife's lover, as he thinks; in reality it is her son, Childe Maurice. The murderer throws the head into her lap:—

> But when she looked on Childe Maurice' head
> She ne'er spoke words but three:
> "I never bare no child but one,
> And you have slain him, trulye."

Under the cruellest blows the people of that world do not wince; they know what must be done, by their code, and they do it. They do not attempt to patch life; they end it. When Lord Gregory finds that his Fair Annie and her babe have been drowned at his own door, he curses his mother who has done the wrong, but makes no more ado.

Then he's ta'en out a little dart
Hung low down by his gore;
He thrust it through and through his heart,
And words spake never more.

Glasgerion's lady, like Lucrece, scorns to outlive her honour. Glasgerion kills her betrayer, and follows:—

He set the sword's point till his breast
The pommel till a stone;
Through the falseness of that lither lad
These three lives wern all gone.

It is pity—there is no lack of pity in the ballads. Even the greatest brute in the whole series, fause Edom o' Gordon, says, when he has killed the babe before its mother's eyes.

"I canna look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass."

No, there is no lack of pity, but there is also the recognition that, pitiful as death is, there are things more pitiful and not to be endured. At Otterbourne, when Percy finds the Scots five to one against him, and his father sends to bid him wait for help, he replies that his troth is plight to Douglas:—

Yet had I liefer be rynde and rent
—By Mary, that mickle may!—
Than ever my manhood be reproved
With a Scot, another day.

Wherefore shoot, archers, for my sake!
And let sharp arrows flee.
Minstrels, play up for your waryson,
And well quit it shall be!

On the other side Douglas is as good; when he knows his time has come, his only care is to keep the fight going; he bids his nephew take command and conceal his death:—

"My wound is deep, I am fayn to sleep,
Take thou the vaward of me,
And hide me by the bracken bush
Grows on yon lilye-lee."

With this may be matched the death of Robin Hood. When Little John finds his chief dying by the treachery of the Abbess of Kirkleys, he begs as a last boon to be allowed to burn the nunnery in revenge.

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in their company.
I never hurt maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be."

There are stout men, too, among the humbler outlaws of a later time: Johnnie of Cockerslee, fighting the Seven Foresters who have wounded him in his sleep:—

"Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,
Stand stout, and dinna flee!
Stand fast, stand fast, my good gray hounds,
And we will gar them dee!"

and Hobbie Noble, banished for his misdeeds, but scorning to his last hour the private treason by which he was brought to justice:—

"I'd rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faut,
Before I were ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."

Treachery, then, the ballad-makers hated; cruelty they regretted; and to hurt a woman, to turn away from a fight, or to give in before the blood gave out, was to them dishonour. They did not think it necessary to keep the law, but then the law was not of their own making; it was either the bondage of convention or the rule of the rich. They cared little for comfort; love and wine and gold they loved, but these are not comfort. The sleek, sensual abbot, with his ambling pad and his fat money-bags, was their abhorrence—he and his ally, the hard, tyrannical sheriff, the mediæval chief of police. These two stood for a social order in which the spirit was enslaved to the body, and the body to mere authority. What Borderer could bear with that? What free man would not applaud the stout fellow who struck his blow, and took to the greenwood or the green road? The social order which the ballad-makers imagined for themselves, and which, at least in Northumberland and Nottingham, they supposed to have been put into practice, was a chaotic order, a wild and bloodstained life; but as

they saw it and sang of it, it was a noble choice between two sets of evils. There are great possibilities, no doubt, in the life of peace and comfort, and we must hope they may some day be realised; but perhaps there is something to be said yet for the ballad life as an ideal. With all its crimes and sorrows, it was a life of the spirit; it was full of generosity and courage and sincerity; and, above all, it set Death in his right place.

> It is but giving over of a game
> That all must lose.

They may have been mistaken, the ballad-makers; they may have sympathised too much with passionate lovers and bonny fighters and the young and beautiful who fling their lives away. For my argument that does not matter; my point here is that they did rebuild the world in the imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, and their work may therefore be ranked with the work of the poets.

If, then, in beauty and in creative power the ballads are akin to other poetry, in what consists that "singularity" or peculiar character of which we have spoken—a singularity so marked that even the best ballads of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Rudyard Kipling could not properly be bound up with them in one collection—a peculiar character the taste for which we are said to have outgrown? My answer is that the singularity lies in the artistic method of the ballads, and that I do not believe we have outgrown the pleasure to be got by it. No doubt among the minor devices of the old ballad-writers there are some which are worn out, but they were all good in their time, and there is no reason why they should not be replaced.

> Up then crew the red, red cock,
> And up and crew the grey.

was once a good way to tell of the dawn; it is good still in the story of Usher's Well, but it would not be good in a modern poem, because it would not be natural or sincere. To admit this is not to give up the ballad form. There is far more in a poetical form than mere tricks of phrasing. "The mediæval ballad," says Professor Ker, "is a form used by poets with their eyes open upon life, and with a form of thought in their minds by which they comprehend a tragic situation." If life is to be no longer full of tragic

situations, if the life of nations is to be no longer akin to the fighting life of our ancestors, then perhaps we can afford to discard that form of thought and put away the ballads as childish things.

That is not an easy belief at this moment; to some of us it has never been an easy belief. It is true that for generations now our greatest poetry has been subjective, introspective, analytical—often so intellectual as to be a reflection upon life rather than itself a form of life. But on the other side there have been changes too; the consciousness of national life has been so intensified that epic poetry has become once more possible. The ballads are, before all things, epic; they are the heroic life of a people told in lyric episodes. What is Mr. Kipling's *Ballad of East and West?* Is it a personal anecdote in verse? No, for the name of the hero is never mentioned; he is the Colonel's son, the servant of the White Queen, the type of the heroic West. What is Mr. Hardy's great poem *The Dynasts?* A drama in form, but an epic in form of thought, for it is concerned with individuals only as units of national life. To these reflections our present experience is adding another; we are looking day by day upon a battle of nations, where valour is of little account unless it is the valour of millions, and where the bonniest fighter asks for no glory but the realisation that he has "done his bit." The poets will in time sing of this battle, and will thereby express a multitude of individual feelings, their own and other men's, in forms which will be new and necessary. But it may be that one or two, less distinguished, less differentiated from the national type, will be moved to express more elementary feelings by a more objective method. If so, they will be likely enough to utter in the old ballad form—a form, I believe, still of very powerful enchantment, capable of moving the heart both with the sound of the trumpet and with the deeper music of the harp of Binnorie, strung with remembrance of the dead.

The Enemy

By John Freeman

WONDERFUL!—yet wasn't it humiliating? She had lived all these years, thinking herself a normal, intelligent woman; yet had really been no more than a child. Was it possible that at twenty she had been no other than she was at ten? At nearly thirty just what twenty had left her? Years had gone swiftly; the vast, kaleidoscopic world had dizzied on in its furious, splendid, pitiable confusion; and all the while she had been a child, a doll, an object, a mere thing in a shrine for sensual adoration. . . . Oh, deep disgust! Other women had lived and moved and had their being; not she. She had been possessed, as a worthless city that surrenders at the first blast of an audacious trumpet, and is held and despised for ever. Despised? well, yes, despised; by herself if not by him. Even by him, too, probably, for who could tell what men thought? There were things her husband thought about and didn't speak about; why shouldn't he speak of them? What conspiracy was this into which he, with a million others, had darkly entered? Men thought and talked, met together, made plans, vows, prophecies—then came home mute as fishes, gentle as sheep. She amused him, chattered and dressed, dressed and chattered; and that was all he asked. If he took her to a theatre it was to something merely frivolous, or Shakespeare; she couldn't help noticing that he never took her to the plays that really mattered. Hadn't she a brain for them? She had read of these plays in the *Morning Post*, and was immensely excited. . . . Better still, she had been—but he should never know that! There were books, too, only those were hard to get, since the absurd libraries made their shameful restrictions; no doubt only because of women. And books might be found and then he would question her. Well, and why should she be so afraid of that? She wasn't a child, and even children had rights. She would decline to account to him for her read-

ing. But wouldn't that look cowardly, or sullen? She could speak: she would defend herself with her own tongue. Defend? No; she'd attack him instead. Let him say a single word and she'd speak.

She saw herself standing bolt upright before him (faintly remembering Lillah McCarthy), felt her eyes flashing and the exquisite pleasure of making him leap with astonishment. She'd find the words! Already she had that exquisite pleasure of the dramatic picture: the lighted lamp; his straight, clear features twisted with perplexity; his cigar going out forgotten. He would stand still, then walk across the room, fidgetting this and that, opening his eyes in wonder and alarmed vexation while he listened to her simple, eager words. What would he think, what would he think? Let him be as angry as he liked, he should hear her confession—no, no; her declaration, her vindication. The words streamed from her in a sudden impulse of clear, high eloquence. There would be an audience of only one, but her triumph would be intense. *He* should confess—why not? Hadn't he anything to confess? How had he lived before they met? They said all men were the same, . . . she was sure he wasn't. Yet how could she be sure? He kept so much to himself, while he had the key of every room and nook and cranny of her. Why should she admit him as an exception? Oh, but she couldn't believe!

The sense of her own duality came upon her strongly, destroying the dramatic picture. Suppose he owned he wasn't an exception! and she thought with hot cheeks and dim eyes of their life. How could things go on? They couldn't go on. How dare he treat her so, how *dare* he?—Ah, poor Norman!

But he might declare he was innocent, and then all would be well, and she could go on with her avowal. Yet could she believe him? Everybody knew that every man had; and ought she to believe him? Was it fair to those other women who didn't believe the most desperate denial? And what a fool he'd think her if he denied, and she believed. It was a delicate thing, a delicate subject. . . . Damn this false delicacy—part of the velvet tyranny that women suffered from. So long as they accepted men's suggestion of delicacy, so long would they remain abject, despicable. Why in the world should she shrink from say-

ing what she didn't shrink from thinking? But she did shrink, and even her thoughts were not free and resolute, but shamefaced, furtive, guilty. Yes, they were; and she wasn't to blame for that, but her education. So much the worse if she had lost her frankness. It was his fault, or at any rate the fault of the views which he still wanted her to accept.

As the dramatic picture failed, and with it the sharp pleasure of an anticipated victory, another began to set itself, then grow dim, then flicker up uncertainly again, as though the limelight were erratic, or out of focus. She had been married seven years, and had been—was it happiness, that serenity, that ease, that mutual selfishness, that uncostly charity, that commonplace repletion? Perhaps she had been happy, intensely happy—you never know; but what right had she to such happiness, and what right had he to choke her with it? For choked she was: physically, morally; she felt stuffy, cramped, incompetent. Think of the women who weren't happy—who had been trapped by men, and left—oh, horror! or had been married and bound in the iron unescapable bands of domesticity; women that had brutal husbands who didn't understand them or ever dream there was anything to understand.

And she, she, she only had been happy—with an enervating, dehumanising happiness. The years came back, bringing their swift, tiny pictures of past delight. Their meeting, their frequent long idle hours in a boat when they fed drowsily upon each other's thoughts; their marriage, and thereafter incessant, unavoidable companionship, everything turning into habit, heat diminishing to mere accustomed warmth, affection to courtesy—habit, habit engulfing all. What a mere habit life had become! Yet perhaps there was something more than habit in his regard for her; and the acknowledgment of this was no less humiliating. He was a good sort of man (for she wasn't going to be emotional), but like every man he was sensual. He had admired her, perhaps he admired her still, she thought with shrinking, for her merely physical part. She knew she had been able to overwhelm him (perhaps could even yet, she added, frowning darkly) with a single smile, a gesture, a simple look, trick of the hair, colour, wave of the hand, lifted foot. It was contemptible, contemptible;

for these he had prized her, that was all he had thought of her, for such base uses he had purchased her. Purchased! and how was she better than those others who were purchased for such mean delights? Yet he had steered her protectingly past them in the streets, and people would look at her approvingly but pretend not to see *them*.

She began to see the multitude of her enemy. It was her husband, primarily, but behind and around him all the host of men who had subjugated women and ignored them. There were the laws, but bad as they were it wasn't against the laws that she rebelled. No; she could see farther; she could see that it was the *view* of women that all men held. And it didn't matter if the view were vulgar, brutal, chivalrous, quixotic: it was always based on a belief that women were something different from men. Absurd! as if they, too, hadn't arms and legs, brains and appetites, thoughts, capacities, enthusiasms. But every man thought he could understand women, and when he couldn't said they were capricious—as who should say they had rabies. They were never supposed to have a secret from a man. That calm creature thought he knew everything about them, and worse, claimed the right to know.

That was the last indignity. She felt that her husband knew her so pitilessly—oh, so pityingly, that she hadn't a thought from him.

"Why doesn't he leave me to myself! Why can't I have a secret from him, when all his life is hidden from me? Possession, possession—I'm possessed body and mind. And I want something to myself—a thought, a sensation, something that shall be mine and not his."

She thought of herself compassionately, and whispered: "And it's only my thoughts I can keep; he's had all the rest. And he'll come in and look at me, and know all I've been thinking, or else think it preposterous that I should dare to think at all."

She hungered for a place of privacy, a hole into which she might creep and all the dogs in the world never find her. For she was hunted and devoured daily; and every woman was the same, except those that had revolted.

Why hadn't she revolted? She felt and knew so much, now. After all, she wouldn't creep into a hole; she'd proclaim herself from the house-tops. She'd tell him of all

the secret, furtive things he'd driven her to. He would be shocked—so much the better. Had he never read that *Dolls' House?* She'd tell him that she had, and that it had shown her the doll's house she had been living in. "The doll, the doll," she repeated. She got up suddenly and looked into the glass hungrily. "A doll!" She saw her pale hair, angry cheeks, faint eyebrows, small, straight nose, and narrow chin; and she looked with hatred. Rings on her fingers and a flashing brooch at her breast made her think of her shameful dependence. "A doll—to be fingered and fondled like a doll. Does he care what I think? He even laughs if I argue with him."

She tried to picture him, an arid, alert civil servant, intelligent and impervious, holding his head in deep cogitation, revolving her amazing revelation. She failed. "What *do* I know of him, after all? What was he when we married?" She recalled him, and was teased by the astonishing likeness to her husband now. "I've never known him, but he has known me, toyed with me, used me——" and then, thinking of her years, she added with bitter emphasis, "and he'll forget me then, when I am as old as he is now."

All her agitation had subtly turned into a flood of self-pity. She forgot the neglect of other women, their wrongs and heroically unwise endurance; she forgot the happiness she had so illegally accepted year after year. She forgot all but her present brief loneliness, in which minute things became gigantic and shadowy. "Oh, and I'm so afraid, this time, so afraid"—and she burst into the bitterness of tears, sobbing horribly.

The door opened, and he came to her abruptly, bewildered. She didn't look, but flung herself on him and sobbed more violently, then gradually more gently.

"Poor Nora, poor girl, don't, don't," and he patted and fondled her, touching her hair, letting his fingers stay on her neck. She clung the closer. "What is it, Nora? You shouldn't be alone; where's nurse?"

She stood straight up before him, her full gown slipping away and showing her rounding figure, her breast trembling with nervous, unaccountable agitation. "I thought," she murmured—then was silent. "Don't think, Nora, now. Just remember, and be patient. Don't be afraid!"

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

Some years ago a famous conductor, with practical experience of most orchestras of any note in Europe and America, gave me his opinion of the London Symphony Orchestra. He declared it second to none, and could think of only one that could be ranked its equal. "But," he continued, "what a pity it is that they give readings instead of interpretations." It was the perennial trouble, insufficient rehearsal, that preyed on his mind. Our orchestral players are unrivalled for quickness of perception, and we have had probably the best sight-readers in the world, but sight-reading is not performance. So long as the standard repertory is adhered to, the evil is not serious. Our orchestras will rapidly accommodate themselves to any baton—or none at all—in a Beethoven or Tchaikovsky symphony or a Wagner excerpt. But if the music is new, or only moderately familiar, the result will usually be a more or less brilliant reading that has few claims to be considered an authoritative interpretation.

This is due to two causes. The first is economic: our instrumentalists have no retaining fee, as is usual with many established orchestras in other countries. Consequently they must be paid for each rehearsal, and to give an adequate number of these would hopelessly overcapitalise the concert. That difficulty is insuperable. Even if the players were willing, it would be an injustice to ask them to give gratuitous rehearsals when they might be earning money by teaching or from outside engagements. They might at most be expected, in their own interest, to work up some modern masterpiece with a view to enriching their own repertory as distinct from that imposed on them by conductors. But here the other reason operates. There is no real inducement to do so, for the greater public, on whom the financial result depends, really does not know the difference between a successful "run through"—suc-

cessful in the sense that the last bar has been reached without serious mishap—and an interpretation in which every nuance has been perfectly presented.

The fact is that, as a nation, we are satisfied in most things with the approximate. Look at dancing as an example. All the object-lessons provided by the Russians have failed to teach the public to apply a standard. People of reputed taste in such matters, with every opportunity of cultivating it, may be heard any day seriously comparing some half-trained amateur with the greatest dancers, and any pretty flapper from a "dancing academy" may become a star of the same magnitude. Is it to be wondered at that orchestral players find no incentive to aiming at the perfect interpretation of modern music with which, as a general rule, they are not in sympathy? They have not even the goad of competition to spur them to effort. All our orchestras are alike in this respect, and visits of foreign orchestras are too rare to induce comparison.

It is otherwise with our string quartets, who have had to meet the constant challenge of players familiar with every shade of meaning in the music they performed. A few years ago the approximate held the field, but the English quartets of those days failed ignominiously one after another. I remember dozens of public readings which were little more than scratch performances, and it fills me with an unholy glee to reflect that the culprits have met with their deserts. I recall in particular a performance of Debussy's Quartet that was an absolute disgrace, just about the time when the players led by M. Gabriel Willaume, who had rehearsed the work incessantly among themselves and fifteen times at the composer's house, came over from Paris to show us what it really sounded like. The guilty quartet party has disappeared from the concert platform with others of similar type, and their place has been taken by three or four quartets of unquestioned proficiency. It is, for instance, unthinkable that the London String Quartet should ever give us an inadequately considered reading of a work of such importance. Its members have learned the value of constant study.

Still more striking is the case of the "Philharmonic" String Quartet. These players made a premature *début* last season, and came in for some plain speaking, but they

are sincere and capable artists, none the less scrupulous for being a little impatient to get on. When they returned to the platform after the summer vacation it was evident to the most superficial listener that the interval had not been one long holiday. If only their orchestral namesakes profited by their example!

I imagine that the position in which a capable conductor finds himself, whether it be our own Thomas Beecham or our allied Vassili Safonoff, is this: "There is not time to get both spirit and precision. One or the other must be sacrificed. It is the spirit that carries the audience. Precision only interests the few. Therefore, by all means let us get the spirit, with as much precision as a kindly fate allows." Only on such grounds is it possible to reconcile oneself to some recent performances for which prominent conductors have made themselves responsible. Audiences and the less discriminating of critics have been carried away by the primitive swirl of sound, and popular success has been secured, but the man who went to hear the niceties of a complex score came away in a captious mood.

Meanwhile, one of London's problems has solved itself, thanks to the war. Except for those who catch the five-thirty train, or number one hundred and thirty-three 'bus, to their families, the half-hour or so on either side of six o'clock has always been the most distressing time in which to find oneself in the heart of London. Not even a journalist would dream of beginning a new task before dinner, and London unaccountably neglected to provide the alternative of recreation. Nowadays we go to concerts. Nearly all the standard musical events are timed to commence at six or a quarter past, and end before eight o'clock. Programmes are lightened, for which heaven and its monsters be praised, and, as the sumptuary convention regarding dress has been relaxed, the whole awkward space from the afternoon cup of tea to the liqueur, or its war-time substitute, has been bridged in the most agreeable manner. Whether performers are equally benefited by the change I am not so sure. There are some who should never be so ill-advised as to risk their reputations before a fasting audience.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The German Invasion

By Sir George Makgill

In dealing with the subject of pan-Germanic influence in Britain it is desirable to begin by defining what we mean when we call a man a German. In colloquial use the word has three meanings. First, a man of German nationality and blood; second, a man of German blood not of German nationality, *i.e.*, one who has been naturalised as a British subject; third, a man born in British territory, and therefore legally a British subject, but who is German in blood and in name. In the present unsatisfactory state of the law, only the first of these is a German in the legal meaning of the word. But popular common sense, recognising no fine distinctions, applies the only sound test, that of blood, and uses the name German for all three. Hence arise actions for libel or slander, in which Germans take advantage of the legal quibble to repudiate the land of their fathers and to proclaim themselves legalised renegades. A clean patriotic sense holds that the slander in law is in fact a high compliment, and to call a man of German blood a loyal Briton is an insult which would be resented by any patriotic man of that race. Throughout this article, therefore, I shall do all persons of German blood the justice of assuming that they will not resent the name.

In the next place, in dealing with the subject of the German Secret Service, we must understand the difference between the Secret Service agent and the spy. The latter is recognised by the Hague Convention as a person who, "acting clandestinely or on false pretences, obtains, or endeavours to obtain, information in the zone of operations of a belligerent with the intention of communicating it to the hostile party."

It goes on to explain that soldiers in uniform and

civilians carrying out their mission openly are not spies. The soldier becomes a spy only when he goes in disguise into the war area. The Secret Service agent, on the other hand, who settles in this country and, under cover of his business, obtains information for the German Government, is not a spy in the technical sense, because he is not working within a military area. In time of peace, even if caught redhanded, he cannot, in the present state of the law, be shot as a spy. In time of war, however, these agents can be tried for "war treason." The soldier who risks his life to obtain information for his own army, though called a spy, is at least a brave man; but the naturalised alien who, in time of peace and with little risk, takes advantage of the foolish hospitality of our nation to betray us to the enemy, although a creature only less despicable than the man who betrays the land of his birth, is not deemed a spy by law.

The German Secret Service system was founded some sixty years ago by the notorious Stieber, who began his career by betraying his Socialist comrades to the Prussian police. In his *Memoirs* he has left a record of amazing cunning, ability, and perfidy. He paved the way for the German overthrow of Bohemia, and for sixteen years before the Franco-Prussian War was organising the system in France.

Long before 1870, in every department of France that might be the scene of military operations, Germans were settled as peaceful, naturalised citizens. Every place of military or industrial importance was marked as a "fixed post," and had its permanent secret agent, whose duty it was to know not only the locality and its resources thoroughly, but the character and private business of local French officials. These "fixed posts" were visited monthly by travelling agents, who paid the local representative and forwarded his reports to headquarters. There were four district inspectors in headquarters in Berlin, Brussels, Lausanne, and Geneva, and over these there were two lieutenants and Stieber himself.

A few years before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War these regular agents were reinforced with an army of special spies of both sexes, for whom civil employment was found by the "fixed post" agents. There were 5,000 agricultural labourers, vine-growers, and farmers, and 8,000

women employed as servants and waitresses in hotels and restaurants. About 700 non-commissioned officers of the Germany Army, who had served their time, were found employment in French commercial and industrial offices. Hundreds of women, selected for their looks, were placed in garrison canteens; and hundreds of others were placed as domestic servants or governesses in the families of lawyers, doctors, magistrates, and other good middle-class families. The whole staff of German agents in France at the outbreak of war numbered 35,000; and this huge total does not include persons of French birth who had been suborned. These figures are given by Stieber himself.

During the past twenty-five years the German Secret Service system has been vastly improved, and the sphere of its activities has been extended, especially in industrial, commercial, and political directions. Owing to the advent of telephones, wireless telegraphy, and aerial navigation, the original system of spying for purely military intelligence has become of less vital importance than formerly, while the political and business side of the German Secret Service has waxed into a world-wide menace.

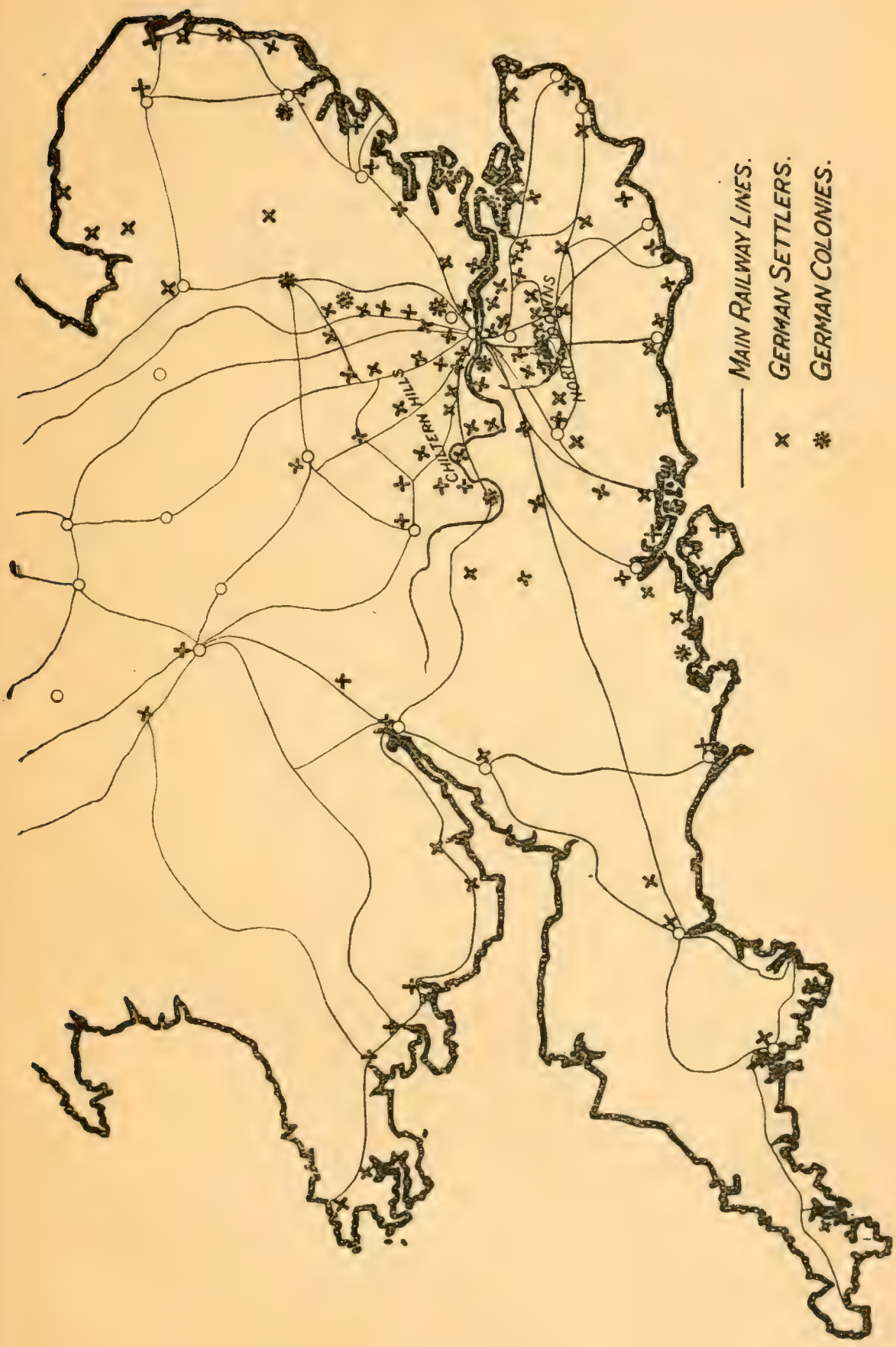
Between 1875 and 1890, as Lanoir records, attempts were made to dominate the French railway systems by placing German agents in the employment of the railway companies as stationmasters, engine-drivers, signalmen, porters, etc., while in Germany no foreigners are allowed to be employed on the railways. These attempts, however, were not very successful; and in 1890 a new and wider policy was adopted, which during the past twenty-five years has crept into every country in Europe, as well as over the whole Western hemisphere and into India, Egypt, the Far East, Africa, and Australasia. The German Secret Service has now two distinct divisions: the military and the civil. The latter can be again divided into political, business, and social spheres. No department of life but has been made to subserve the ends of German espionage.

Let us consider first the military side of the matter. In the Bohemian and French campaigns of 1866 and 1870 thousands of Germans posted at strategic points greatly assisted the Prussian armies. Now, are we to believe that Germany, which for years has schemed to overthrow England, has neglected the like preparations here? When we

think of Stieber and his 35,000 spies in France before 1870, it sets us thinking.

How many Germans (using the word in the ordinary, not the legal, sense) were settled in the country at the outbreak of war it is difficult to estimate. The number of enemy aliens of military age was stated to be about 70,000. But this does not include the more numerous naturalised Germans. A good authority has told me that of 280,000 Germans, at least 190,000 were of military age. A German before the war boasted that they had 100,000 trained men with officers here always. A few years back a German officer met a man I know in Germany, and asked some questions about a certain English village, saying, "That is my district, and, if you do not mind telling me, it may save me a journey." In 1908 German officers had a staff-ride through our Eastern counties. I have seen a German map of England with the whole South and East coast divided into districts, each marked with the name of a German regiment. The Kaiser when in Bournemouth in 1907–8 spent much of his time in motoring through the New Forest and taking photographs of points of military importance. It may be another coincidence that a German colony now exists in that district at a point dominating a certain harbour. In 1908 a certain German reservist, who did not wish to go back to the army, declared that the Kaiser during his visit to the New Forest chose points where arms and ammunition were to be deposited. At the time the matter was brought to the notice of a Minister of the Crown, who dismissed it as a joke, assuring his informant that there would "be no war with Germany unless we got Tariff Reform."

The Anti-German Union has an Intelligence Department which deals every week with many scores of reports received from every part of the country, from the west of Ireland to Norfolk, from the Orkneys to Land's End. It is the duty of one of the staff to mark upon a map each case that is reported of Germans who are residents. The result of thus marking down hundreds of cases is given in the attached map of the South of England. It will be noted that the marks are not scattered irregularly over the country. They form a sort of pattern. If we examine this pattern further, it will be seen that these marks cluster


MAIN RAILWAY LINES.
GERMAN SETTLERS.
GERMAN COLONIES.
CHILTERN HILLS
NORTH DOWNS

close round London, or form certain well-defined lines or groups. In the first place, it will be seen that every important seaport along the coast has its mark indicating a German post. Next, it will be noticed that at certain places there are stars. These indicate colonies of Germans. Some are near naval bases, others follow certain well-recognised lines of defence or important railway lines.

If we study the map we see that London lies in the shallow valley of the Thames, which is flanked north and south by ranges of low hills. The northern range runs from south-west near Devizes, in Wiltshire, north-east almost to King's Lynn, in Norfolk, while the southern range runs from near Petersfield, in Hampshire, east to Dover and Folkestone. The Chiltern range, on the north, and the North Downs, on the south, together form a rough <. Only some seventeen to twenty miles from its southern limb lies London. It needs no great military knowledge to see that these two ranges of hills form important lines in the defence of the metropolis; and it will be observed that the lines of marks follow these ranges on north and south. Here is a remarkable coincidence.

But that is not all. If we examine the places reported, we find that these German residents have chosen in almost every case houses occupying dominant positions near important strategic points. On the south side of London we find that along the steep escarpment of the South Downs, which dominates the railway lines, there is a chain of German settlers. Not infrequently some rich naturalised German owns or occupies a large house, while in the vicinity a small colony of other Germans are settled in smaller houses or engaged in business. In some cases the postmaster is a German. In one place, which I myself have seen, a house in the village has the main telegraph wires to the east fixed to the wall near a window. The German occupant is stated to be a skilled electrician, and it would be easy for him to tap the wires at night. In another case a rich naturalised German has a house above a tunnel on an important railway line. A ventilator to the tunnel opens near his grounds, and, if he wished so to do, he could easily close the tunnel by dropping a charge of high explosive into the ventilator.

The reader may say that these naturalised Germans

may all be loyal subjects of King George. I do not suggest that this or any other individual is not. It may be merely a coincidence that he should have chosen that site, but on inspection we find that many of these German settlements dominate important railway stations, such as Maidstone, Tonbridge, Sevenoaks, Redhill, Box Hill Junction, or Leatherhead; and I merely wish to point out that these coincidences are rather common, and that if any of these men happened to be patriotic Germans, the position would afford them every opportunity of assisting their Fatherland.

The repeated efforts of the Germans to reach Calais and their schemes for crossing the Channel must be borne in mind. On the assumption that they might seize Calais, and with their large 42-centimetre guns dominate the Channel and Dover, it is clear that an invasion from the South Coast is not altogether impossible; and if they succeeded in effecting a landing at various points on the South Coast, it is evident that the line of the South Downs would be of vast importance in its defence. The object of a hostile invasion would be to strike quickly at London. The German General Staff does not do things by halves. It prepares years ahead for every possible plan of attack. Such junctions as those of Redhill, Sevenoaks, and Maidstone would, in case of a raid, become of immense importance. Troop trains could be run by several parallel lines to the North Downs. I do not say this is probable or even possible to-day, but in war all things may happen, and the German Staff knows it. It is significant, therefore, that within reach of all the important points Germans should have settled. True, many are naturalised; but are we prepared to stake the safety of our country on a "scrap of paper" which any foreigner who has resided here a few years can obtain for three or four guineas, or on the oath of allegiance taken by men of a nation which has openly broken every obligation and committed every crime?

If we now pass to the northern range we find a similar state of affairs. A reference to the map will show that wherever there is an important railway junction there we find one German or more settled. Within reach of the arms factories at Woolwich and Enfield and the Waltham Abbey powder works we find settlements of this ubiquitous race. At a point not far from the Great Northern Railway

on the main road to the North there was, when war broke out, a colony of Germans settled. It was called the German Farm Colony, and some three hundred able-bodied Germans were employed there and housed in barracks. It is said to have been formed as a refuge for indigent men of the race by some wealthy and benevolent Germans in the country. It would be interesting to know the names of the subscribers to this patriotic German cause. It would be interesting also to know how many of the men of the colony were trained German reservists; and if any were of military age, why they did not take advantage of the kind indulgence shown by our Home Office at the outbreak of war and rejoin the colours? I believe the colony has now been converted into an internment camp. An article recently appeared in the Press stating that in the surrounding country the English inhabitants believed that arms and munitions were buried within the barbed-wire enclosure, which, be it noted, the colony had already prepared for itself.

In the outskirts of London are colonies of Germans not far from such important points as the New River Waterworks, the East London Waterworks, and others. At important points like Richmond Hill, Hampstead, Croydon, Norwood, Sydenham, and Blackheath, which are on high ground dominating all London, we find Germans settled, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups. Overlooking one of the most important lines of railway is a certain German church, and a "German Club" is stated to meet in the cellars below. In a good many cases the larger houses have rock-gardens, specially constructed asphalt tennis-courts, or solidly constructed terraces which might conceivably be used as gun emplacements.

As we find Germans—however respectable or apparently loyal—occupying strategic positions important to the defence of London, are we to assume that all are there by mere chance, and that there is no design in their distribution? Are we to believe that it is one prodigious procession of coincidence? Or must we conclude that there is method in it all? I have said enough, perhaps, to show that a logical sequence can be traced in the distribution of Germans, whether naturalised or not, throughout the country, and that mere coincidence cannot account for the facts.

When we recollect that in France the "fixed posts" were placed in nearly every class of life, were naturalised, and occupied respectable positions, we cannot ignore the possibility of a similar state of things here. Herr von Putt Kamer, German Minister of the Interior, issued these instructions for Secret Service agents:—

"Our agents at fixed posts in France must not content themselves with holding salaried positions; they might lose such positions at any moment. Each one must be obliged to keep some kind of office. Whatever the nature of the establishment, whether it is a disputed claims office or land and property agency, grocery establishment or *café*, restaurant, hotel, insurance office, or the like, in all cases the business must be soundly established and possess a substantial goodwill. It must, in fact, be ever borne in mind that it is necessary for our agents to inspire confidence in circles where they have their centre of action, and to create that confidence by the outward signs of an ordinary middle-class existence; indeed, by a well-placed munificence and by making themselves useful in all kinds of societies, associations, and communities, they must acquire such a strong social position that, as far as their locality is concerned, each may be well received everywhere and highly thought of in all quarters, and may be thus always in a position to give us useful information on all points."

Lanoir, referring to this remarkable order, remarks:—"That is what disarms the Commissioner of Police even when his suspicions have been aroused and he is pushed by public opinion. He is afraid of a *fiasco*. How can he question the character of a tradesman with one of the best shops, a well-known land agent, a man who generously subscribes to societies, funds, games, rifle clubs, choral societies, charities, hospitals, etc.?"

That was written seven years ago of the state of things in France. Is there no resemblance to the state of things in England to-day? Which of us does not know of some naturalised German, wealthy or well-to-do, who has established himself in his own social sphere and is a generous subscriber to local cricket and football clubs, rifle clubs, charities, hospitals? He probably gives liberally to the public sports, tips the local police lavishly, and hence is high in the good opinion of the local people. He may

keep a good cellar and be a social light and a patron of the arts. He may subscribe on a princely scale to Party funds. He may even enter Parliament, may perhaps receive "Honours" in return for Party "services," and be on friendly terms with persons high in office. But when we think of Stieber's injunctions, what guarantee have we that this obliging and useful alien is not a German secret agent? "Oh," say the apologists of Germany and the political friends of the foreigner, "he is a British subject." You may have noticed that neither his name nor his accent are British, and may ask if he is British born. "Oh, not exactly," replies the foreigner's friend, "but he is naturalised." "Before the war?" you ask. "Oh, long before." And remembering Stieber's naturalised spies, you smile at that reply. If a man were a German agent, one of the first things he would do would be to pay the few guineas necessary to get the magic "scrap of paper" which, in the view of our lawyer politicians, creates in a German a clean heart and a British soul.

Yet naturalisation in itself is a thing to be ashamed of, whichever way we regard it. The man is either renouncing his native land for personal gain, or he is swearing loyalty to ours in order to betray it. There is no escape from the jaws of that discreditable dilemma. Hence a naturalised German is, *primâ facie*, under suspicion. He labours under a well-merited stigma, and if we find him in possession of some important strategic point we are rank fools if we do not suspect him, make the most stringent inquiry, and have him strictly watched. Of course, the local police will report well of him. That may be taken for granted. But he should be kept under surveillance by all loyal persons in the neighbourhood.

Again, he may be an official in a Government office. He may have been there for years. Easy-going Englishmen who know him will say: "Oh, So-and-stein is all right. I've known him for years. He's quite a decent fellow." Let them read von Putt Kamer's sinister instructions and think again. The very fact that a man of German origin is in such a position to-day lays him under grave suspicion. A Belgian said to me the other day: "I am of an allied nation, yet if I were offered a good post under your Government I would refuse. In time of war all foreigners are

suspect. And no German, if he were a man of honour, would accept or retain such a position. It is impossible."

There is but one remedy in their own interests and in the public interest: all men of German affinities should resign from the public service. This may be thought a hard saying. It may seem to do an injustice to those who are loyal servants of the State. That is true. But in war hardships must occur. The injustice to these German gentlemen is less than to the Englishmen whom they have kept out of employment by their presence here. The hardship is less than that of the women and children mutilated in our streets by German bombs. Is this a time to prate of minor hardships to men of enemy origin? We are fighting for our lives. These interlopers are a source of personal and public danger and anxiety, and in the public interest they must go; and the rich naturalised alien, too, must go. There is only one safe place for him—an internment camp. If there be injustice they must lay it at the door of their own Fatherland, which made espionage a universal menace, which forced this war upon a peaceful world, and thus compels us to take such measures in our own defence. The people are waking up to the danger; and when they are fully awake, these foreign magnates may themselves plead to be interned, as many of their compatriots have done. For the public safety and their own, these men should be placed under control forthwith, without respect to rank or position. The higher the rank the greater the potentialities for mischief. It is high time that the Government faced the question and adopted such measures as have been found necessary in France and Russia. And for this the Anti-German Union will steadfastly press.

The Public and the Press

By Charles Dawbarn

It is said that a country has the Government it deserves; but it is doubtful if the aphorism applies to the Press. In any case, England has not the Press it deserves, for it deserves a very low kind of Press, servile and time-serving, which shall never say anything disagreeable to authority, which shall never by any chance tell a hard, unpleasant truth. We have had proof, since the war began, of the danger of telling the truth. A journal wrote that all was not well with the army, that shells were wanted, that conscription was necessary, and what was the result? It was told that it was unpatriotic. Why could it not mind its own affairs and leave the Government to mind theirs? Because it did not leave the public business alone, and continued to call from the house-tops for greater speed and greater efficiency, instead of vacillation and a disposition to give a romantic turn to events, it was burned on the floor of a great City institution. Those who performed this strange rite rejoiced in the supposition that they had humiliated the paper; they did not realise that they were condemned by their own folly in refusing to see the facts. Nor will they be in the least ashamed when, six months later, the very measures which they had denounced so hotly actually were adopted by the Government. Has, then, a newspaper a right to discuss the business of everybody, or is it merely a shop for the sale of wares? Has it no lawful mission, no duty to defend the public's legitimate interest? or is it merely a running brook of information? Should it tell the truth without fear or favour? or should it hold its peace about important matters and prattle pleasantly about the others? Should it ignore the war utterly, on the ground that it is bad for trade, though some assume that newspapers batten on it? Advertisers, to be sure, do not like a public-spirited campaign; it disturbs the even tenour of their way, it promotes complications, it

creates an uncomfortable atmosphere unfavourable for business. Journalists who conduct their newspapers for profit should learn to sit upon the fence and only descend at the proper time when the public has thoroughly made up its mind. Then the duty of the journalist is to lead the procession—whither it wants to go. If he is alert he may wave a wooden sword and cry: "See how I am leading you!" and most people will believe him. This is the way to "the largest circulation."

England does not deserve an outspoken Press, and it is only fair to say that a large proportion is the most docile Press imaginable. It knows which side its bread is buttered. Firstly there is a sensitive public, which cannot stand brutalities in print, and secondly, there is the Assize Court and all sorts of pains and penalties for the adventurous journalist to drive home the lesson. If it should persist in its attitude of critic it will be burned for its pains. Clearly, then, the Press should concern itself exclusively with the things that pay; let it have no pose of patriotism or it will be the worse for it. We shall muddle through as we have muddled through before. Down with the pessimists—burn them. It is so much more profitable to say to one's readers: "Don't worry, our heaven-born Government are doing it all. What can you know about it that they do not know? How absurd to think that you can lecture eminent specialists." The thing is preposterous, and so the public is allowed to go to sleep again and dream it has already beaten the Boche. When it wakes up to cold reality—but here we are being pessimistic again. This brings us to say that the public exhibits no sense of proportion when it deals with the Press. It persists in greeting the outspoken part of it as a muck-rake Press. That is the purest absurdity: the species does not exist in England, at least among the organs of any standing. To weep over the Press as if it were a backslider from virtue, as if it were a corrupt Press which had been sold to some sinister association of profit-mongers, is to cast a gratuitous slur on one of the most high-minded, patriotic, and disinterested institutions which England possesses to-day. That part of the Press which is labelled "sensational" and "anti-patriotic" has committed simply the unpardonable offence of printing the truth. And so it is a muck-rake Press. The

appellation is amazing and shows to what length party prejudice will go even in well-balanced England. One would suppose that the newspaper in question had attacked the Church, had suggested that archbishops and bishops were too highly paid to be the servants of a penniless Christ, that it had dragged skeletons from Ministers' cupboards and set them up on the Victoria Embankment within sight of the House of Commons, or that it had attacked the judicial system in England, urging that its jargon and complicated procedure, as well as the lawyer's exorbitant fees, tended to the advantage of the rogue over the simple and poor man. But it has done none of these things. It has said simply: "You are making war with one of the most formidable enemies imaginable, and it is your duty to strain every nerve and leave no stone unturned which can bring about success. Never mind about 'business as usual,' about the theatres and the pleasant daily incidents of social England, realise that you are at bay to a tremendous enemy." Is it anti-British to insist that Ministers are only men, and that they make mistakes —especially in view of the situation in the Balkans? Can the most ardent "patriot" conscientiously find a theme for praise at the present moment beyond the sterling quality of the men at the Front and the admirable efforts of Lord Kitchener with the means at his disposal? If we do not say that the Allies have been utterly worsted in their diplomacy, we must admit that the enemy has discovered some key, even if it be a golden key, to Balkan locks, which has escaped our efforts to effect an entrance.

If you compare the English Press with the Press of other nations you will be even less disposed to feel that the country is badly served by it. No one with the least knowledge of America could fail to convict that Press of more offences against the public interest and the sanctity of private life than the Press of England. It adopts methods which would be scouted here. But sometimes we may regret that we have not that pointed speech which belongs to the Transatlantic writer, for the libel law gives undeserved shade and shelter to many an enemy of society. And how easy it is to terrorise the investigator with the threat of a judge and jury, a jury that never understands public spirit in a newspaper and invariably condemns it.

It is far better for the Press to abstain from advocating reform, for its efforts will never be appreciated. The average Englishman has no grain of gratitude in his composition for the Press; he gives it no praise even for relieving the tedium of life. On the contrary, he lies in wait for it to catch it tripping, and then says exultingly: "Ah, I told you so! What lies those papers tell!" That is always his expression and one has become hardened to it. "What lies those papers tell!"—irrespective of the fact that to lie you must have the intention to deceive. And yet it is easy to urge, on grounds of common-sense, that no paper wantonly damages its reputation as a news organ by printing an untruth, especially as, next day, it will certainly contradict the untruth. This, in the minds of many readers, is an added offence. That it should have lied and then contradicted the lie is further proof of turpitude. Such reasoning is strange; I do not attempt to understand it.

There is another type of man, who gloats secretly over his paper as if it were a vice. One's newspaper is a question of caste, like one's religion, in England. To admit that one is interested in a "ha'penny" production is to write oneself down a low kind of person. You may think that the articles in the cheaper Press are far more entertaining than the others and "more human" in their style, but to admit that is a vast social mistake in the most select quarters of Surbiton. That dear humbug, John Bull, continues to enjoy his less distinguished Press in secret and to disdain it in public. He throws the newspaper under the seat when he has done with it and gives it a contemptuous kick. That gesture betrays him as much as his speech, which is redolent with the particular arguments of that organ. But does he acknowledge the source of his glib arguments on the Balkans or the position at Gallipoli? Not a bit of it. You get neither gratitude nor recognition of any sort. A man may confess himself comforted and uplifted by the spiritual discourse of a bishop or of Mr. R. J. Campbell, but will he confess to have had his life made pleasanter, his ideals strengthened, or his outlook widened by a perusal of the daily Press, though, in the vast majority of cases, it is his exclusive source of information? To admit that is the last thing that would occur to

him. It would be a shameful confession, it would suggest that he was not very choice in his literary companions. To acknowledge that the *Comet* had inspired you! Could anything be more pitiable? "No, sir," he thunders, from his corner of the carriage, "the newspaper Press is beneath contempt; I never read it, except, of course, to skim the money market."

Once in America I was told by a leading doctor that the newspapers, particularly the Sunday editions of them, had prevented people living isolated lives, like farmers in remote parts of the country, from going mad. One would have to wait a long time for a similar confession to be made in England: one is more likely to be told that it is a cause of madness.

Notwithstanding that America really has grounds to complain of her Press, public opinion there has a juster sense of its services than on this side of the Atlantic. It was an American poet who wrote that "an editor would certainly be found near the top of the celestial procession." I was as much touched by this anonymous tribute as by the spontaneous invitation to an oyster supper addressed to the journalists of his locality by an English citizen. Alas! the invitation was disregarded by those for whom it was intended; perhaps its unusual character rendered it suspicious. The would-be amphitryon died shortly afterwards in a lunatic asylum. His disappointment might have contributed to his state.

Nor can the popular novelist, especially the ungrammatical sort, keep his hands off the *confrère* of the Press. He is the literary hen that has to lay an egg by six o'clock of an evening on pain of losing his position; but are not novelists also bound by time? Have they not sometimes to rush break-neck over the pathetic passages so as to get the hero comfortably settled before the final curtain? If by some divine inspiration the war could remove this peculiar snobbery towards the Press, then a little good would come from the welter of evil.

It is not as if one had need to be ashamed of the Press. It is extraordinarily high-toned and high-principled in days when there is much too little of it in ordinary commerce. In fact, there is no profession (scarcely excepting the Services in time of war) where a higher standard of conduct

is unconsciously required by the public and where a greater degree of disinterestedness is shown, and there is no profession except, again, the army and navy (and here the heroes are supported by public approbation) where the reward is so lamentably incommensurate to the requirements.

"Ah!" but you say, "that organ has not half its old literary *cachet*. How distinguished it used to be in the days when it was three times its present price? Did you show the least sympathy with it in the financial difficulties which forced it to become popular? You know you did not. You know you did not care in the least except in a vague sentimental sort of way whether it disappeared or not. You were not going to save it from the quicksands which await every superior paper. Ah, how many superior papers have been engulfed in the mire of Fleet Street in the last twenty years! What prodigies of talent, what high ideals, and what mountains of solid cash have gone hopelessly down into the abyss where lie the ruins of superiority. Of course you might say that many another business lies in the same road of ruin, but that is true only with differences. A purely commercial enterprise stands or falls on the administrative ability of the man who runs that enterprise, but a newspaper makes a higher appeal and contributes services to the public which are not to be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence. For this reason it merits superior treatment at the hands of contemporary opinion. It deserves certainly superior treatment at the hands of Ministers of the day whose favourite trick is to pillory in their speeches this or that organ as having represented a tendency which they consider reprehensible. An amazing characteristic of the Press is its extreme docility. In the hands of a master of invective, having the ability to wield a patriotic pen, what an instrument of offence it could become; and yet, how few ever dare to leave the beaten path of commonplace and attack, sword in hand, the gigantic abuses of sloth, indifference, inertia, and incompetence which exist in England, as elsewhere. A politician is summoned by his sovereign to form a Cabinet. The hour is critical, the anxiety intense as to the solution to be given to certain problems. A journalist meets the great man as he is hurrying to the Royal rendezvous. One might suppose that his position as repre-

sentative of a great body of public opinion would entitle him to marks of courtesy. You would expect the great man to say: "My dear Sir, you quite understand that my position is delicate. I cannot compromise it. You must excuse me if I say nothing save that we are doing our best to terminate the crisis." But he does not do it. He wraps himself in a disdainful silence, and if the visitor had been the tax-gatherer and he an impecunious taxpayer, his effort to avoid his eye could not have been more obvious. In America, where politicians are well aware of the power of the Press, such methods would not have been attempted. The docility of the Press in England always astonishes the journalist abroad. One of Chauncey Depew's stories was of a newspaper writer who had followed Gladstone for years in Midlothian and other campaigns, and reported faithfully his speeches. "But what was Gladstone like in private life?" asked Depew of his friend who had related many interesting anecdotes of the G.O.M. "Well, I can hardly say," said the other, "for I never dined with him or visited him in his private house." Such a fact seems curious to the foreign observer, and it is typical of the old disdain. It is rarely that a newspaper writer or editor finds himself in the Cabinet. The only instance that springs to the mind is that of Morley, who was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* when Mr. Gladstone called him to join his Government. Men who have occupied minor posts in the Cabinet have been connected with the Press, but it is rare that any sort of political distinction falls to the newspaper writer, though, from his close contact with the public, he is better able in interpret sentiment than the average lawyer-politician. And diplomacy; would not that be distinctly benefited by the advent of the newspaper man in the Chancelleries of the Empire? How many mistakes could have been avoided had those who embarked on "the Career" had a preliminary training, such as newspaper work gives, in the rapid analysis of a situation. No, certainly, the Press has nothing to thank the public for, and there is none to stand up for it. It is hopelessly browbeaten and battered by a snobbery that deserves the guillotine. But unless the Press shows spirit and defends itself it will continue to be the ill-requited handmaiden of an ungenerous public.

A Review of Recruiting

By a "Voluntary Recruiter"

THERE are no facts in this article which could not be obtained by any British subject or uninterned alien enemy who chose to walk into the different recruiting offices scattered over the country and ascertain them.

As may be imagined, the existing machinery for recruiting when war broke out was small. The number of recruits required to keep our original little army of six divisions at full strength was infinitesimal in comparison with the numbers required to-day. But with the exception of enlistment on the Deferred System, the opening of recruiting for the duration of the war, and the creation of certain new branches of the Service, the same machinery and system are in force now as they were before the outbreak of war. The machine has grown in size and power, that is all.

At the beginning of the war there were two retired Quartermasters at the Central London Recruiting Office, Great Scotland Yard. These two were easily able to cope with the work which the few recruiting sergeants scattered over London brought in for them. At Great Scotland Yard now, which is the head office for recruiting all over London, there are two attestation rooms each holding fifteen clerks, who work every day from nine till finish; there are three officers in each room who do nothing but sign attestation papers all day; and there are competently organised departments for dealing with every branch of the Service. Before the war perhaps half a dozen recruits would join at the office in a day; now upwards of 3,000 pass through in a busy week.

None, except those who were actually there, know the work that had to be got through during the first rush to enlist at the beginning of the war. The attestation clerks used to work till far into the night, sleep on the floor of the attestation room, and begin again first thing in the morning. Among the attestation clerks are to be found representatives

of all classes of the community. At one time I know that in one room there were to be found sitting side by side a late highly prosperous member of the Stock Exchange, broken in a day by the war; one of his clerks, out of work in consequence; a man who had been the private secretary of one of our great Empire-builders, and who had written a "Life" about him; and a former bookmaker's assistant, who used to take orders on the rails of Tattersall's Ring. So much for an example of the uniting influence of war. As for the recruits—well, they were, as may be imagined, drawn from many branches of the community. There was the wealthy Colonial who drove up in his Rolls-Royce and enlisted as a driver in the Mechanical Transport; he was enlisted alongside of a "clay-kicking tunneller," a burly-looking rascal in mud-caked corduroys strapped at the knees. Each swore by the Almighty God to defend his Majesty King George the Fifth in person, crown, and dignity against all enemies, and each with equal gusto "so helped him God" at the end of the oath. A morning spent in one of the long attestation rooms at the Central London Recruiting Office is a strange and interesting experience.

Here, perhaps, as nowhere else, can one realise the cost of war on the voluntary system. At Great Scotland Yard nearly all the special branches of the Army at higher rates of pay are enlisted. Take, for example, one branch of the Service, the Mechanical Transport, A.S.C. Watch a batch of men for this corps sworn in. There will be, perhaps, three chauffeurs, a couple of employees from the General Omnibus Company, and some taxi-drivers. Say there are a dozen in all, each going to cost the country 6*s.* a day for the duration of the war, exclusive of the cost of feeding and equipping him and making an allowance to the man's dependants or wife and family. Think of it—two guineas a week have to be paid to obtain that man's services. Why, there was a time when a Second-Lieutenant, after being educated at a cost of £200 a year at a public school and the Royal Military College, only drew 5*s.* 3*d.* a day. The Second-Lieutenant was expected to live as an officer and a gentleman. Yet a private soldier in the Mechanical Transport is paid 6*s.* a day. Why is he paid this? Out of sheer *joie de vivre*, just to show how well this affluential country can do things; as an American will scatter half-crown tips

instead of sixpences? Not exactly, I think—not now that we are beginning to have to put our hands in our pockets pretty deep for a pipe of 'baccy. No, the Mechanical Transport driver is paid 6*s*. a day because if he was not we could not get him. He could earn that sum on his taxi or as a chauffeur, so he certainly is not going to drive a motor lorry over the battlefield for less. Now let us suppose for a moment that we had conscription and that our expensive friend had to leave his taxi-cab or Delaunay-Belville and go for a soldier in any case. Would he refuse to take up his old trade for a low rate of pay? Would he say, "No, blowed if I'll give my skill to driving a motor lorry at that price when her ladyship used to pay me £3 10*s*. a week all the time I was working for her, and have a boy to clean the car"? Perhaps—perhaps not. Anyway, one thing is sure, and that is, that after a week in December in a front fire trench, sitting on a biscuit-box to keep his legs out of the mud, any ex-chauffeur who was asked if he would like to go back and drive a motor lorry and keep his feet warm against the engine, would reply, "Why, certainly." If he had been enlisted on a compulsory system at a fixed rate of pay he would just as soon drive a motor lorry as anything else.

Apart from that, human nature is not so bad; and once a man is told he is "for a thing" he will generally do his best at it. I cannot believe that there is a single man now in the Mechanical Transport who, had he been called up at the outbreak of war by Act of Parliament, would have refused to do motor work if he was told that that was what he was wanted for.

Of course, there are cases where a higher rate of pay is *earned*. There are those sturdy fellows the "tunnellers," who also draw 6*s*. a day. They are brought down from the mines in batches by their foremen, enlisted in the R.E., and sent straight out to France. Their job out there is still mining, but with more than the ordinary risk run in battling with Nature. These were the men who burrowed into the heart of Hill 60 beneath the very feet of the Germans. I heard a recruiting officer once ask a batch of these men, before he enlisted them, if they knew the job they were wanted for. All grinned cheerily and said they did.

Besides the miners and the tunnellers, all sorts of branches of the Service are raised at Great Scotland Yard. But for the branch most needed, the branch especially appealed for by Lord Derby in the last great rally, there have not been, since the few first months of the war, very many candidates. Men don't want to join the infantry; the pay is poor and the life is hard, and that is the beginning and the end of the reason for their disinclination to do so.

There is another office in London which I know of, situated in the very heart of the busiest part of the town. As a business premises it would be invaluable. No doubt the ratepayer pays a handsome rent for such a situation for a recruiting office. There is a doctor always there to examine recruits, who gets a good salary; there are four attestation clerks (also paid); and there is a recruiting officer. Daily, hundreds of men eligible for military service pass the doors of this office on their way to pleasure or to business. If fifty of these turned in a day and joined, the expenditure on the office might be justified by the results; if twenty came it would be a costly business, but still one which we might feel inclined to afford in order to uphold our traditions of voluntary service. As a fact, for sometimes weeks on end the daily number of recruits collected by this office averaged *six*. It must be understood that I am dealing with a period before the inauguration of Lord Derby's scheme. I will write of the results since then later.

We have now considered the Headquarters Office at work and seen that, though kept busy with a good flow of recruits, they are for the most part men enlisted at a high rate of pay and not difficult to obtain. We have also seen a branch office in a busy part of London, and the results of the numbers obtained can hardly be said to justify its existence.

There remains a country recruiting office.

Country recruiting offices vary. Some are extremely cheaply run, others more expensively. In the case where the offices are cheaply run, a local retired officer will often give his services. He will have to assist him an elderly non-commissioned officer; an empty shop will be hired as an office for a few shillings a week, and the whole concern will be extremely economically managed.

Now this is all very well and as it should be, considering

that a large number of country recruiting offices (before Lord Derby's present campaign was started) did not enlist on an average more than one recruit a day. But there are other extremes where the taxpayer is put to a heavy expenditure by the establishment of country recruiting offices, and there are a great many other offices not economically managed. I know of at least one case where a country recruiting office is run at a cost of £500 a year exclusive of any bills the officer in charge may incur with the local printer and billposter for advertisements. If the recruiting officer happens to have an inventive mind he designs and draws up a new poster at least twice a week, of which he has 500 copies printed and distributed. The local printer and the billposter have the financial year of their lives; the public all look at the posters with interest, but nothing seems to increase the daily average of one recruit that passes through the office—or I should say "passed," for this month things have vastly changed.

This was how things were during the long summer months from May till September. There were recruiting offices open in every little town, some costly, others comparatively cheap, but none in any literal sense of the phrase "doing any good." What is one recruit a day as a quota for a fair-sized town and several outlying villages? Good enough in lesser wars, perhaps, but not in the conflict heralded at its outbreak as Armageddon, and which is daily all too grimly justifying the fitness of the name.

In all of these towns, during the long months that have passed, eligibles for the firing line have thrived, pursuing the work they did in times of peace. In one town I know of there was a large factory engaged on the production of picture postcards—*picture postcards* in war-time!—let the words be repeated. This factory employed large numbers of young men, fit and of the kind required for the Army. It not only had them, it kept them through the first twelve months of the war. Here and there a factory hand enlisted, but the bulk remained. Not even the loss of 50,000 Britishers at Neuve Chapelle could coax out a batch of twenty to come forward in a body and be enlisted together in the same regiment. The recruiting sergeant of the town in which the factory was became a sort of bogey-man to the factory hands. He tried valiantly to get hold of some

of them, and would wait outside the factory door to speak to the men as they went to their dinner. They soon discovered this, and went out by a back way. This bogey-man business was indeed just what recruiting officers and sergeants had to contend with; they were laughed at by eligible men behind their backs and avoided openly.

Then the shop-to-shop scheme was started. Labour Bureaus circularised shops and business establishments, asking them for a return of the number of men eligible for military service on their books, also for a return of the number they could spare and of the number of substitutes they required. Furnished with this return, the recruiting officers visited the different establishments and asked the manager's permission to interview those of his employees whom he had stated on his return that he could spare. In the vast proportion of cases these interviews were fruitless. The employees eligible and registered as not indispensable to the business either refused to enlist at all or promised to present themselves and never turned up. In some cases the manager's return was to the effect that he had no one he could spare; in many others he demurred that though he could allow those of military age to go provided substitutes were found, he doubted the possibility of obtaining substitutes trained in the particular kind of work on which the firm was engaged. Everywhere the recruiting officer was beset by problems. One such problem I remember particularly well. The recruiting officer had at last run to earth and persuaded to enlist three employees from a certain factory. He informed the manager of his success. The manager looked grave. He said that of course he would do nothing to prevent any man in his employment from serving his country, but at the same time if those three particular men were taken he might as well shut up the factory. They each had the running of a machine, on which a considerable part of the work done depended. If they were taken, three complete departments would have to be shut up and numbers thrown out of work. Was this in the best interests of the nation? The recruiting officer said that of course it was not, and went away without his recruits. Such is only one of the many problems with which recruiting officers have been confronted in the past.

Then there is the poster question. We have all heard

a great deal about the futility and lack of dignity of our system of advertising for recruits by means of posters—"Come and do your bit," and similar exhortations with appropriate drawings beneath. The best answer to the poster question is, I think, that made to me by a War Office official. The official was commenting on posters, and said that he thought there was only one poster which should be used:—"To the Recruiting Office," with the arrow pointing the way. That, he said, was sufficient, and in keeping with the spirit of the voluntary system. Britishers were supposed to enlist of their own accord; put up the notice, therefore, indicating the way to the recruiting office and leave them to walk in. That was the only right and dignified poster which should ever be seen on walls or hoardings in this country. Unfortunately this official seems unique in his views, for up till recently hardly a week had passed without the issue of some new design—a Zeppelin over London, or a frenzied Tommy at the Front waving to some imaginary friend, and at least one distinguished General has given us the benefit of his talents in a recruiting poster design.

Then there is the question of recruiting meetings. Recruiting meetings have lately admittedly become a farce. In the first and last place, recruits don't go to them. Why should they? They only hear rude things said about themselves, and are made the subject of looks and remarks if they do. Nevertheless, an enormous number of these meetings are held. They generally take the form of a concert, lantern-slide lecture, or some sort of entertainment with speeches appealing for recruits interspersed. They cost money, take up public men's time, and give the general public a certain amount of free entertainment. Possibly they serve the purpose of reminding the public that we are in the middle of a European war, but that is the best that can be said for them.

Finally we come to Lord Derby's scheme, and here the final battle between the voluntary and the compulsory system is to be fought. Lord Derby's scheme is a fair battlefield; that at least must be said for it. If it does not succeed, then all except the peace-at-any-price party will agree, I think, that we must have conscription.

The scheme, as we know, provides for two main points.

At the end of this month no man eligible for military service will be able to say that he has not been asked to come forward—that he did not know, in fact, that he was wanted. A canvass, as complete and comprehensive as was ever made in any political election, is being carried out among men of military age. As in a general political election on some question of vital national interest, so in this; the one main point that men are wanted for the Army is made the chief issue. There can be no question at the end of November of any misunderstanding among men of military age as to the nation's need for their services.

The second point is the facility given to men to put themselves at their country's disposal without being haunted by the suspicion that they are among the few to do what others ought to do, and that they will be made the sufferers and victims of their own willingness. A fair table has been drawn up, classifying men into groups according to their ages, the youngest to come first and the older afterwards, single men to be called up before married. True, there is at the time of writing no Act of Parliament that, should sufficient single men not be forthcoming, they will not be fetched before the married ones who have offered themselves are taken. But all who wish to see the voluntary system maintained must believe in the good faith of the responsible authorities on this point. By enlistment on the deferred system an appeal is made to all men of military age to put themselves at their country's disposal and be ready to come up when they are wanted. It is not much to ask of a man to give up one evening to walking into the nearest recruiting office and doing this. Those who are engaged on war work or work indispensable to the carrying on of the country's existence are not asked to do this. Their registration forms are starred, and they receive neither Lord Derby's letter nor a visit from the canvassers.

Already large numbers of men are coming forward on this understanding. They are attested, receive one day's pay, and are put upon the Reserve and allowed to return to their civil employment. But there is one significant thing about the numbers coming forward, and that is that they are composed for the most part of married men. The single ones are not coming forward so well. Can this be because they know they will be among the first groups to

be fetched? Because, in fact, they have a disinclination to fight for their country? Perhaps so—perhaps not. It is not for the writer to attempt to form an opinion. On one point only he feels he can speak with certainty. It has been argued that men who don't want to fight for their country cannot be made to; that the horse will not drink because he is brought to the water; that the conscript will not fight. This is nonsense. I will guarantee that one hundred conscripts placed in a trench against their will *will fight.* I won't say with the same gusto as free men, but they will fight. What else could they do? Stay there till the Germans came over and bayoneted them, which in these less gentlemanly days of warfare would probably be the alternative.

Well, anyway, there it is. By the time this article has appeared in print we shall probably know how many men we have willing to fight. These will either have enlisted directly or on the deferred system. We shall know how many men we have able to fight. We can subtract the one number from the other, and it will be time enough then to decide what to do. Time enough—to use an old saying —if not sooner.

On Army Buying

By a Salesman

Now that the Government shows some signs of waking up to the reckless extravagance of our war methods, it may be pertinent to call attention to the waste in War Office buying, which I propose to do in the following notes. I will only say that I am a business man utterly dumbfounded by what I have seen in this connection. I will begin with a true story—a common one.

Months ago I was in a big "stores" trying to get served. At the counter sat an elderly, comfortable-looking man taking orders from two pink-cheeked second-lieutenants buying for their camp messes.

The orders fell from their lips so ingenuously that my mouth watered.

"Sultanas, sir?"

"Sultanas, what! Oh, yes. How much are they each?"

"Well, sir, we sell them by the pound. Better take a box—or two boxes."

"Right-ho!" It was always "right-ho." My heavens, that shopman did run up a list! Pickles—by the score, new sauces, new delicacies, jams, marmalade, anchovies, sardines—in short, a great feast. What struck me was that the two subs ordered on a blank cheque at random, relied upon, and ordered at, the suggestions of the shopman (who naturally did not skimp the list); nor was the price ever studied. They just gave the order like emissaries of Crœsus, in certainly half the cases without the ghost of knowledge how or what to buy.

How should subalterns know?

I was fascinated at the spectacle. Money plainly no object.

It reminded me of the schoolboy hampers of my youth. Any woman could have stocked their mess at quite half the cost. Well, well, we know about the buried meat, the surplus rations given away, the dreadful extravagance of

the camps. I pass to the War Office, where much the same thing goes on and has gone on since the war began.

Now the first point that strikes one in coming into contact with the Buying Organisation is the absence of anything approaching order or business methods.

The following example is typical of what is happening every day, and the complaints regarding this condition are most bitter and numerous.

A tender form is sent to a firm asking for a quotation, say, for a quantity of hussifs, sample of which could be seen in the Buying Department at ——. The firm's buyer goes down in accordance with these instructions to see the sample—a necessary preliminary to quoting. He is met by an uncouth official at the door, who informs him that the sample cannot be seen for some time, for there are a lot of people waiting to see it, and he will have to wait his turn. But the buyer is a big man; he is annoyed; he impresses upon the official that his time is valuable, and he is not prepared to waste it indefinitely. He lodges vigorous protest against being treated in this unceremonious way, and is about to leave the room when he sees a coin being slipped into the hand of the attendant by another person who also wishes to see the sample hussif with a view to quotation. And, behold! he is at once admitted into the room where the sample may be seen. "Ho, ho!" says Buyer No. 1, and promptly follows this example, to find that on giving the man half-a-crown he gets immediate and full facilities for seeing the sample.

We need not have indulged in the costly Dardanelles expedition to learn such Oriental practice.

Here is another example of Army economies:—A firm had a stock of 20,000 ——, which they submitted to the War Office buyers at 5*s.* 3*d.* per dozen, whereat the War Office purchased half of them. Later in the season the manufacturers desired to dispose of the remaining 10,000 which were still on their hands. They offered them therefore to the War Office at 4*s.* 11*d.*, and had a written reply stating that the War Office did not wish to take the 4*s.* 11*d.* quality, but they would buy another 10,000 at the same rate as the first lot, at 5*s.* 3*d.* The manufacturers did not complain, and accordingly delivered the balance of their stock to the generous War Office at the enhanced price of 5*s.* 3*d.*

This incident illustrates very clearly the lack of technical knowledge amongst the War Office buyers who are entrusted with the spending of the nation's money, or possibly the want of system or the indifference with which economy is regarded. Maybe they don't think it "gentlemanly" to go into prices or bargains. We know waiters disapprove of a man examining his change. War Office buyers seem to be equally "superior."

Here is another serious instance illustrating the lack of imagination and failure to realise the importance of suggestions made by responsible business men.

It is a well-known fact that there is a grave deficit in the supply of scientific instruments, the demand for which in connection with the enormous increase of aeroplanes has far exceeded the available supply. This probable shortage was foreseen by a member of a leading firm of scientific instrument makers in this country, who explained to the authorities that it was not possible for the available resources of this country, as they stood, to meet the demand as it then was, much less successfully cope with the certainty of an enormously increased demand in the immediate future. He pointed out that it was not sufficient for the Government to take over a factory—that in itself would not increase the output. The organisation of the industry should be handed over to a thoroughly practical man who knew the trade so intimately that he could sub-divide the work and bring into line numberless small makers who could make parts of instruments, which could afterwards be assembled at a central warehouse and put together by highly skilled men.

This industry, it seems, is very largely self-contained, and is very delicate and demands highly skilled work requiring years of training. An increased output could only be obtained by one who possessed a very intimate knowledge, firstly, of the requirements of the business itself, and, secondly, of the means of applying them in the manner that has been indicated. Well, a very competent gentleman offered to undertake this work, and was referred to a Flight-Lieutenant, who knew (naturally enough) nothing whatever of the questions involved, and who patriotically suggested to him that he could, if he wished, enlist in that section of the Service. The scientific gentle-

man was flattered, but explained that this was not his object in approaching the authorities, and elaborated again in detail the precise nature of his object. It rather "stumped" the Flight-Lieutenant, who replied that he would have to refer these matters to a superior officer, and there left it, so that from that day to this nothing more has been heard of these very important proposals which were made by this capable and responsible man.

I think they thought he was "mad."

The position of this industry now is chaotic. Officers cannot get scientific instruments from the War Office supplies and are buying them from outside sources, and in many cases the instruments they are using are unfit for the work that they are called upon to do, and may endanger not only the lives of their owners but the lives of many others besides.

But then most of our fuses were German, I believe, at the outbreak of war. No wonder some of them were faulty or "tricky."

Fuses and detonators! I had better not go into that part of the story.

I should have liked to have placed the following facts on the platter of Mr. Asquith during his recent Lord Mayor's Show speech:—

A small firm of tailors, who know nothing whatever of the hosiery business and who have never handled goods of this kind at any time prior to the war, have been supplying large quantities of Army socks to the War Office for months past. Their operations were stopped by the requirements of the War Office insisting that suppliers of goods must also be manufacturers. They at once got over this by securing a small Irish manufacturer and arranging with him, for a consideration, to use his name. The War Office accepted without any question their nominee, and no inquiries appear to have been made as to his *bona fides*. As a matter of fact, he has never made a single pair of the socks that have been delivered through him to the War Office. This firm of tailors bought socks from this and that large retail house, and have sold and are continuing to sell at the present time goods purchased in a similar way to the Government.

The point to be noticed is that on the goods so sold there

is (1) the manufacturer's profit, (2) the retailer's profit, (3) the tailor's profit, (4) the profit of the nominee who represents him in all these transactions; in all, four distinct profits on each pair of socks.

One might continue in this strain for pages, but just a few more examples.

A large firm of retail hosiers in London have supplied huge quantities of blankets to the Government, although until the war they had never dealt in these goods at all. They were stopped by the War Office requirements that all goods tendered for must be manufactured by the tenderer. Again there the War Office acumen stopped. The retail people got over this difficulty by establishing an office in the City in the name of the buyer of one of their departments, and under this name they have continued to supply the War Office with quantities of blankets, not one of which has been manufactured by themselves. Now not only is a second profit, and possibly a third, involved in such a transaction as this, but there is the added danger of bigger prices being paid because of the unfamiliarity on the part of the retail buyer both of the merchandise he is selling and of the markets in which it is manufactured.

Business is so simple to the business man, and people wonder at the money about in restaurants! All the same, it is the public's money which changes hands. And it is the public who ought to look into these matters.

This question of the nominee agent will also play a part in "war profits." Have the Government considered this?

I come to cold steel, apposite, at any rate, if not sympathetic to the War Office.

So far as I can discover, no attempt appears to have been made to organise the cutlery trade in Sheffield. One finds there the most diverse and contradictory conditions. Many of the makers are so full of Government work that their ordinary customers can get no supplies; others have no Government work, and are attracting to themselves their competitors' business. These conditions are having a disastrous result on prices, although it is inevitable with the scarcity of labour and shortage of material that there should be some advances, yet there is no justification, for

instance, for 13*s.* per dozen being charged for Army razors, which were bought just over a year ago for 7*s.* 6*d.*

The following is an instance of what is happening in this market:—

A manufacturer has been supplying certain goods to the War Office for many months past, but had been able partially to meet the requirements of his ordinary customers. He was recently approached by a customer with whom he had done business for years, who was told that he could accept no further orders now, nor for some time ahead. The customer protested against the long-standing connection being severed in this apparently unceremonious way. The manufacturer replied that the position was not of his seeking but had been forced upon him by the Government authorities. He produced an article on which he was then working and which he had formerly sold to this customer. He said, "You know the price that you paid for this? Here is the price" (pointing to his books). "See what the War Office is paying!" He said, "I did not want these orders; I wanted to retain at least part of my own connection. I don't want to find after the war that my competitors have secured all my old customers. I fixed my regular rate of profit and doubled it, yet in spite of that the War Office gave me their orders on these goods, which will 'fill me up' for months ahead."

I fear I shall "fill up" my readers if I continue. My notes could be amplified *ad infinitum*. The American side is worse. Americans are laughing all over America at our monocled War buyers; we are just paying blind.

The remedy is so simple. It is to employ business men instead of men unused to business methods, who even despise them. In a war of attrition it seems to me that this question of economy is of vital national importance. I say that to-day criminal wastage is going on through lack of organisation.

War and Creative Art

By J. D. Symon

When the first shock of war fell upon us, those whose interests lay chiefly in literature and art, and who viewed these questions with some sense of history, realised with a peculiar keenness not only that we had reached the end of an epoch, but that that ending must involve the extinction of countless things which the world had held dear for ages. These feelings were something quite apart from the general realisation of the calamity of war. That, in its ruder and broader aspects, was obvious to all. The coming fearful toll in human life, the destruction of industrial and commercial prosperity, the ravaging of fair lands, the destitution of thousands of non-combatants—these penalties of war were easily foreseen by the man in the street, and the view was grave enough, perhaps all the graver because it was not qualified by the sharper realisation of impending havoc apparent to those whose horizon had been widened by travel in the threatened regions and by knowledge of their history. To the smaller class, however, which finds much of the salt of life in the things that for want of a better name are called artistic, the shadow of war brought with it a detailed apprehension of the fate of records and monuments which, in our false sense of security, we wished to believe inviolable.

Before August, 1914, minds lulled by long peace had come to think of the blotting out of whole civilisations by war as a thing now impossible. It was to a former and so-called barbaric age that the destruction of glorious buildings and of precious books and manuscripts, paintings, and sculpture belonged. These were the things that the twentieth century read of, but it flattered itself that the world had got past all that. Although scientific progress was even then forging the diabolic engines that were to work a destruction more terrible than any sack or siege of the Middle Ages, our eyes were blinded to all save the advance-

ment in the arts of peace. The twentieth century in its short life had, even more than the nineteenth, bred its own intellectual conceit. We were never tired of telling ourselves that this was the twentieth century, the Golden Age (it came near being the Golden Ass) of material and intellectual progress, of outward refinement and luxurious living. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life had brought us to a curious pass, which few, even of the most thoughtful, took time to analyse. It was in the months immediately preceding the world-catastrophe that society had passed from a debauch of rag-time to its consequent orgies of tango.

Future historians will say that the age went dancing to its doom. Everywhere, side by side with an apparent strenuousness, there existed a debility of nerve that sought support in the most frivolous excitement. Current fiction, with certain saving exceptions, reflected the peculiar temper of the times. It loved to flirt among studios, where the practice and the patronage of a dubious and scarcely sane art went hand in hand with curious passionate adventures. These ran their course in a whirling world of taxi-cabs, restaurants, theatres, theatre-suppers, and, to crown the unrest and ensure that the dawn should find the votaries still doing their headlong best, the night club. It was upon such a world that war came as a thief in the night, and it says much for the essential stamina of the nation that the shock was endured with the great steadfastness which certainly appeared. Out of the welter, after the first moment of inevitable paralysis, came great things—great sacrifices, great devotions, a wonderful shedding of the veneer of frivolous life, a notable buckling on of the sword by thousands who had seemed a month or two before to care only for the nice conduct of a clouded cane. The "nut" became the soldier, and the excellent account he has given of himself on the field and in the air proves that his sleek shell did not conceal a rotten kernel. He and many another better informed dilettante saw that dilettantism was a thing for which the world at present had no more use, and he was quick to set an example which seems to carry with it a useful hint or two.

It was upon the dilettante, or, to put it less harshly, the artistically-minded (and that in no trifling sense), that

the hand of war descended with peculiar severity. The trained and sensitive imagination of such men leaped at once to the realisation of what the world was about to lose. Perhaps in common with others they hardly foresaw the pitch of ruthlessness which the enemy was to attain, but they were right in their intuitive sense of coming irreparable loss. Many there were who, before the war was three days old, foresaw and mourned the ruin that was to overtake those treasure-houses of the Middle Ages, Belgium and Northern France. It was, however, the inevitable *accidents* of war that they mourned, for no one could have foreseen that a nation which claimed to lead the intellect of the world, and to which the intellect of the world had been all too ready to bow down, would in its abominable pride and wrath lay deliberate hands on things that were the sign and symbol of the quickening that came to Europe in the fourteenth century. But we had either misread history or we should have read it more carefully. At heart Germany had no real regard for the Italian Renaissance. It never touched her as it touched France and the Netherlands. The intellectual fire of the Renaissance was obscured for Germany by the smoke of theological controversy, and although she founded her universities, and seemed to partake in the general enlightenment, her learned men in the end did not labour for the enlargment of the human spirit; their ideal has been that of mere industrious compilation, her pedants have heaped up the *minutiæ* of learning as her War Lords have heaped up munitions, with the same devastating result in both cases.

In course of time, after the fatal triumph of 1870, German scholarship became the willing prostitute of German militarism, and the name and meaning of freedom a dead letter. In its place Prussia set up the Moloch of a deadly efficiency, and evolved a legend of national and racial superiority which she trumpets abroad with a conceit comparable only to that of China when she considered all the world barbarian save herself. With the rise of Pan-Germanism came a grotesque development of that doctrine, to the effect that the only salvation for the world lay in its becoming Germanised. The Teuton, contemplating his own fat and beer-lined paunch, became so enamoured of that rotundity that at length he mistook it for the true

likeness of the world. Here was the future fashion of the habitable globe, and now the German eye sees nothing else. It is a curious fact, though perhaps not very comforting, that had Germany cared to pursue the arts of peace she would very likely have attained her object. Her commercial penetration of Belgium and of Russian Poland was extraordinarily complete. In Belgium she controlled not only the factories but even the resorts of vice, for which she provided the victims. The commerce of Britain was, to put it mildly, not uninfluenced by the Teuton hand. It is a dozen years since *Punch* showed us in a cartoon the German trader stealing our Colonial market, and the national humorist pointed out that the robber was winning not because of intrinsic superiority, but because he was "always at it." Had Germany possessed a less theatrically-minded monarch it is possible that in a few generations she would have seen her dream of world-mastery realised, without the aid of mailèd fist, shining armour, or the devices of Krupp. It was a bad day for Germany and her materialistic ideal, but possibly a good day for the ultimate freedom of the world, that saw the accession of William II. That sword-rattling, picture-painting, song-writing young man at first amused Europe, then won its kindly toleration, next amazed it, and has now plunged amazement into disgust. Militarism had already lifted its head high when William came to the throne, but he it is who set it upon its present pinnacle. I recall, long ago, an afternoon when the boom of a great bell in a Northern city startled a quiet schoolroom where a dozen boys were writing a Latin theme. That bell (christened "Victoria") was tolling for the death of "Frederick the Noble." We little thought it was the knell of the old world.

To-day that event and its consequences have borne their own bitter fruit, and the world finds itself confronted with a situation unparalleled in history. All former tyrannies are dwarfed by comparison. The time was when a single blow from the myrtle-wreathed sword of Harmodius and Aristogeiton was sufficient to free Athens from the hated domination of Hippias and Hipparchus, and to restore equal laws to the State—*ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.* But the present evil is so colossal that nothing save the united armed effort of the world can save and restore that

civilisation which a year ago we dreamed must make steady progress towards the millennium. Wars, it was understood, there must be, but they had come to be regarded as, after all, minor incidents, and they were to be fought according to the rules of the game as prescribed by the general feeling of humanity. At the outbreak of the war in Tripoli King Victor Emmanuel felt so confident in the changed attitude of the world towards hostilities that his last instructions to his High Admiral were to "make war, but use all possible humanity." The paradox raised a smile in certain quarters, but the King's attitude was well understood. No one outside of Prussia suspected that quite the contrary advice to Grand Admirals and others had become the cherished doctrine of the Wilhelmstrasse, and that on the first occasion which presented itself to the Prussian War Lords war would be waged in a manner that would at least parallel, if it did not actually outdo, the atrocities of Ezzelino da Romano. The horrors of his punishment of Padua and Priola were read by the present generation more as a pitiful legend than as actual fact. That, we told ourselves, might certainly be true, but it belonged to a scheme of things with which the world had done for ever. Was there not the Hague Convention, to which, with a few exceptions, Germany had set her seal? War, to be sure, was a fearful trade at the best, but it no longer permitted the excesses of pure savagery. When the Germans violated Belgian territory it was obvious that they would behave with military severity, but that they would emulate the exploits of Ezzelino and Charles the Bold entered into no man's calculations.

Perhaps the world as yet hardly appreciates the depths of infamy and atrocity to which the apostles of Kultur have descended. Leaving out of consideration for the moment the wanton outrages upon non-combatants, which were committed chiefly during the earlier days of the campaign, there is still no relaxing of ruthlessness towards the beautiful legacy of the Middle Ages. Belgium and North-eastern France, with their treasure-houses of learning and of worship, of arts, and of arts supported by an enlightened commerce, have seen these memorials gradually and systematically battered into dust. Louvain, Malines, Ypres, Rheims, with their memories, their exquisite preservation

of the things most precious to the artist and the scholar, have been swept away without a single regret by a nation that prided itself upon its art and its scholarship, and in these claimed to lead mankind. The accomplishment that was thought to be the most solid and thorough in the world has declared itself the shabbiest of veneers. The proverb "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" must now give place to "Scratch a German and you find a Hun." This onslaught is no sweeping down of clean-limbed, clean-blooded Goths to purge an effete and decadent Roman civilisation, but the spreading outwards from Central Europe of a hideous pestilence masquerading as the highest benevolence. Against this evil the world has no choice but to postpone for a time her dreams of peaceful progress, and to meet violence with greater violence until this menace to all human well-being and liberty is crushed, never to rise again.

There is no deeper human tragedy than that of evil temporarily triumphant, and none that is more baffling to the optimist or the meliorist. Some mysterious but inevitable law has ordained that in certain situations which arise between man and man, or between nation and nation, the continued existence of one or the other is impossible. That, in a minor sense, was at the root of duelling; in the major sense it is the ruling principle and possibly the only justification of war. In the present case unscrupulous strength, unscrupulously used, has come perilously near proving its case. The same happens often in the world. The utterly unscrupulous man is frequently the most flourishing, and finishes his career in triumph. Devout minds look for his incurring a judgment from heaven, but very often he goes his way without any visible sign of such judgment overtaking him. His ruthless policy has paid even to the end, and none have been strong enough to rise up against him. His victims fall unnoticed and unpitied; he has kept within the law, or at least he has never been found out. There is certain subtle practice of evil that seems to ensure the same triumph. Before it, the just man stands disarmed and impotent. Such efforts as he may make to combat the oppressor are turned by that oppressor's craft into instruments fatal to the victim. The adept in the art of placing others in the wrong possesses

the most fearful of psychological weapons. If he be skilful enough, he can make his opponents' very virtues seem vices. He knows that the lie once started can never be overtaken; he knows its insidious power, and thereby he prevails. Such for many years preceding the war was the policy of the Wilhelmstrasse. Since the war began we have seen it practised with even more assiduity, but with something less of subtlety. It has become a little too blatant; it is found out. But that alone will not mend matters. The havoc of the Prussian Lie has imposed upon Truth the hard necessity of pursuing a policy of fiercer devastation. Thousands have already fallen victims to this abomination of desolation, thousands more must fall before the world can be swept free of the plague. Into this mystery of the innocent suffering for the guilty we cannot enter here. It is the most poignant of all human laws, the most pitiful our suffering humanity knows; yet perhaps it is the most hopeful, and it is by the resolution to endure that suffering that the righteous end will at length be attained.

In the face of such a world-predicament, where all that was gentle, amiable, and beneficent in life and in human progress has been for the moment denied and arrested, it is small wonder that those whose life-work lay in what we are pleased to call the Fine Arts have felt themselves forced into a position of strange and disappointing futility. The man of letters and the artist whose years and strength permitted have not hesitated to throw away the pen and the palette and to take up the sword. Theirs is the happier, the more enviable lot, for they have the satisfaction of coming to actual grips with the primal needs of the hour. The others, whose part must of necessity be less active, are assailed by strange misgivings. They feel, and rightly, that nothing matters so much as to be in the fighting line, or engaged in some task that will in some way contribute to the strength of a nation at war. To slay or to beget; such is our primitive problem! Destruction or production in some warlike form seems now the only tolerable task. France has suspended all her usual activities of peace in order to pursue the one great object, and in these last months a like stagnation has descended upon the civic life of Rome. Even the

contemplation of art is at a discount in days when Venice is disguised in sandbags, when the treasures of Florence are in bomb-proof cellars, and those of the Hermitage in Petrograd are being hurried to some unknown city of refuge in the depths of Russia. To make more books or more pictures at such a time may very well seem the sport of fools.

For the writer in particular the times are difficult. He would gladly lay down the pen altogether and take up the sword, but if this may not be, he would desire that what he may write should be strictly in accordance with the most needful service of the moment, and, if possible, a reinforcement of that service. Consequently the majority of writers who must continue at their calling are confining themselves to what is called "war-subjects"; nor can it be denied that such work has its uses, rightly undertaken. Some may hold that a state of things so unusual calls for an almost entire suspension of literary activity, but this is an extreme view. The Press has its duties of instruction even at the gravest crisis, and the community can be greatly helped to maintain its steadfast purpose by sane and well-informed writing on the questions of the hour. But for the most part *belles lettres* in the department of criticism and literary biography have small place in the present order of things. It is plainly not quite the hour to write learnedly or amusingly on "The Future of the Novel" or "The Present Condition of Minor Poetry." Still less is it the hour for superfluous biographical notes, introducing the epoch-making literary discovery that the late Nathaniel Grubb resided not, as had been supposed, at No. 17 Cock Lane, but at No. 18. In other days such an announcement would have sharply divided the devoted followers of Grubb into the Number Seventeenites and the Number Eighteenites, and the controversy might have raged for years amid matchless displays of bitterness and acumen. But that sort of thing has been put in its true place by the levelling hand of war. It is well that the curious antiquaries should feel that such efforts are at present beside the point, and turn their energies to more practical matters. Now they walk the nightly beat, or, as humble and not over-encouraged Volunteers, drill Lord Derby's recruits.

This is not to say, however, that the greater and more serious tasks of authors and scholars who are above military age or are otherwise ineligible for service should be rudely interrupted. There are certain works which are the rightful inheritance of posterity and which depend for their accomplishment on the brains, the knowledge, and the temperament of chosen men. Amid war we must not forget the future. Here we may perhaps take a lesson from a curious old woodcut of the Renaissance period, which shows a scholar intent upon his task while hostile armies manœuvre outside his study-window. He is in imminent danger of death from a stray shot, but even so he goes on unperturbed, knowing that, if death finds him, his work will be at least a step nearer completion than if he had gone to the window to watch a combat in which he could bear no effective part. On this question, as on all others, sweeping judgments are impracticable. The "Business as usual" cry has been overdone, perhaps with unfortunate results, but there are exceptions, and each "over-age" artist or writer must be guided by his own conscience. To those of fighting age and fitness conscience prescribes but one choice, gallantly accepted by the vast majority.

There is, however, a literature of war that will not be denied. The meridian glory of the Greek drama came in the period that immediately followed Salamis and Marathon. Æschylus himself had served in the field, and our own Shakespeare came to us on the refluent wave of public feeling aroused by the Armada. Nor will the present time be wanting. Already there have been foretastes of great things to be; the genius of Rupert Brooke has flamed out, only to win an added and not fictitious glory from his heroic death. In the quiet days of the mid-Victorian era an eloquent literary Dean, now departed, used to say that there would be no new epic poem until the millennium. He held that all the really possible epic-making events were in the past save this one, which would bring forth the epic of universal peace. It may be, however, that as all knowledge is counter-relative, it was necessary to the making of the epic of universal peace that we should have first the epic of universal war.

The Germans in the City

By Raymond Radclyffe

We have now been sixteen months at war with Germany. Yet, incredible as it may seem, an agitation still goes on to remove the Germans from the City. This shows two things: first, the immense hold the Germans had over our finance; secondly, the extraordinary supineness of the authorities. London is the free market for gold. The British are the merchant bankers of the world. Until the war broke out almost every international transaction was settled by a draft on London. We acted as the clearing-house for the whole mercantile community. Consequently nearly every foreign bank had its branch office or its correspondent in London, and as the Jew is supreme in finance, and the German Jew is a good linguist, 75 per cent. of the foreign element in the City was both German and Jew. Indeed, it would be hard to find an important finance house that was not either one or the other or both. In most cases one partner at least was a naturalised British subject.

Two courses were open to us when war broke out. Our Government could have declared that it would not go beyond its ancient policy: a small expeditionary force and complete control of the sea. This would have limited the cost of the war, apart from the loans and subsidies, to four hundred millions a year at the outside. Under this policy we should have continued our foreign trade; we should have supplied Russia with all the munitions she needed, and thus enabled her to hold Galicia and East Prussia. I presume, of course, that she abandoned these countries for lack of guns and shells. We should have held our merchant banking position intact. We should have kept open the Stock Exchange, allowing it a free hand to buy and sell on the usual terms to anyone, whether Jew, German, or Austrian, who came along with his money. We might even have done as we did in the Napoleonic wars: supplied

our enemies with what they needed. There are many sound arguments in favour of this course. It would have pushed the German and Austrian Empires into financial bankruptcy within six months, for it would infallibly have drawn every farthing of gold out of each country and left them dependent upon paper money, which would have been valueless outside the Teutonic Empires. From an economic point of view we could have ruined our enemies speedily. We could have encouraged them to buy the luxuries they were accustomed to use, and we could by our sea power have stopped their supplies of goods essential to the conduct of war. We should have avoided the American trouble. The United States would have been unable to ship copper and cotton to Germany; it could not have supplied Russia and France with munitions in competition with ourselves, for it would have had no means of delivering the goods. The United States would have remained a creditor nation, and as such would have been subservient to ourselves.

The war might have left us richer by all the German colonies, all the German gold, and all the German trade. Russia, supplied with guns, shells, uniforms, and boots, might have swept through Germany and ended the war in a year. I am putting this forward as a policy which we might have adopted, a policy which we have almost always followed out, and which is peculiarly suited to our island position, our command of the sea, and our unique hold over the merchant banking of the world. It would have done away with the "Germans in the City" question, because unless these Germans had been spies, they could have remained to hand us over their cash in exchange for our goods and services. A spy is a person to be dealt with by the military, and, to be quite frank, I do not think that many of the German naturalised British are spies.

The second and only other course to adopt was to proclaim national service the day war was declared. To go for Germany tooth and nail. To build up a huge army. To starve our enemies by a rigid blockade. To intern every alien enemy who had not been naturalised ten years. To seize all enemy property. To drive out every suspected person. To look neither to France nor to Russia. To place no trust in Italy, Roumania, Bulgaria, or Greece, but

to rely upon ourselves, our courage, and our wealth. This was the temper of the British Empire when war broke out. It would have been a magnificent policy, a new policy, a policy of courage. It would have produced an immense moral effect upon neutrals.

But we are ruled by lawyer politicians who are incapable of making up their minds. They completely lost their heads. The whole world owed us money. Yet they closed banks and Stock Exchanges and proclaimed a moratorium, as though we, and not others, were bankrupt. They interned a few waiters, but let them out again; locked up a few barbers, and allowed notorious anti-English bankers to do all in their power to ruin English financiers. They passed a Defence of the Realm Act which placed every kind of restriction upon our export trade. They tied up the Stock Exchange and made dealings almost impossible. Their Rules and Regulations, Orders in Council, Proclamations, all of them obscure and many of them contradictory, bewildered the whole City. It was an orgy of red tape, very amusing from the legal point of view, but absolute death to the man of affairs who wanted to either shoulder a rifle or go on with his business. He was not allowed to do either.

The result of the muddle has been that some naturalised Germans who disliked Prussia and her methods, and would have done not a little to remain friends, have been pushed into a position of enmity. On the other hand, many German houses have been treated with a kindness that is inexplicable. Mertons, who are a branch of the Metal Gesellschaft, of Frankfort, remained brokers to the Government until the President of the Prize Court denounced them. Schroeders have one partner still a Director of the Bank of England, and another partner whose son serves in the German Army. A firm of tyre-makers naturalised themselves after the war, and have been making goods for the Government ever since. But it is not necessary to give examples; they are familiar to everyone. The result of the absurd compromise between the old and the new policies has been to keep alive in the City a constant agitation against the Germans. There has been a steady outcry, and slowly, and very reluctantly, the Government has yielded, or pretended to yield.

But we may take it for granted that all over England there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of people of German birth who are not only at large, but are making money as rapidly as only a German Jew can make money. The question arises, and it has been made the more urgent the last few weeks by the Stock Exchange agitation: Are we to continue to allow naturalised Germans to compete with British-born subjects?

The law says, Certainly! They have paid £5. They are British. The public says that the law is an ass. It adds that Great Britain does not intend to spend 1,820 millions a year in destroying the German and at the same time to allow him to work here in competition just because our naturalisation laws are lax. The question of spying does not come in. That is another matter, which can only be left to the police. But the policy of pinpricks, the policy of doing nothing until the public is irritated into illegal action, is wrong. We must make up our minds whether we will continue to allow people of German birth, naturalised or otherwise, to fight for existence with Englishmen. Indecision on this, or any other subject connected with the war, is fatal.

The Stock Exchange has held a meeting and passed resolutions calling upon its Committee to act. But it is doubtful whether any drastic measures will be taken. Members of German birth have been asked to absent themselves during the continuance of the war. But will they be refused re-election? Some of them have been members for a quarter of a century. Some have sons in the British Army. All have suffered. To be quite fair, a large number of German-born members of the Stock Exchange are in favour of the Allies. They came to England when young men; they have lived here all their lives; they have married English women. Should the Committee punish them for an accident of birth? I do not discuss the legal question. It is contended that the Stock Exchange is a club, and that the Committee can refuse to re-elect any member each year and give no reasons. The rules thus provide, and, as far as the lay mind can see, this settles the question. There are between two and three hundred men of German birth now members of the Stock Exchange. This is not 10 per cent. of the total member-

ship, and, on the face of it, expulsion or failure to re-elect would appear a very small matter. Yet it is not so. For the German members are rich and prosperous. They do the bulk of the foreign business. They have correspondents in all the large Continental cities. They do a large American business. They are important middlemen in international finance. They handle the bulk of the option business. They handle a large proportion of the arbitrage. In short, they are extremely useful members of the mercantile community. It would be difficult, though not impossible, to replace them.

On the other hand, it is suspected that many firms on the Stock Exchange knew beforehand that Germany intended to make war, and prepared for this by an attack upon British finance which was instigated, if not controlled, by the higher German authorities. The Dresdner Bank sent out a circular some weeks before war was declared telling its customers to sell all that they could when they could. This is indisputable, for I have seen a letter from the Managing Director of the Dresdner denying that he obtained his information from the Crown Prince, but admitting that when he circularised his clients he anticipated war. Members of the London Stock Exchange were in close touch with the Dresdner Bank. They did the best they could for their clients, but their action was inimical to our interests. Foreign bankers attacked our finance, and they must have acted upon definite information which they imparted to members of the Stock Exchange. Should such members be allowed to remain in business? I think not. I believe that the whole City agrees with me.

I therefore suggest that every German-born member should be called upon to submit all his books and correspondence to the Committee under pledge of secrecy. Those who refuse should not be re-elected. Such refusal would be tantamount to a confession that they had something to conceal. Those who could pass the ordeal should be re-elected. It would be unfair to punish innocent men. It would also be very foolish from a business point of view, as the Stock Exchange benefits largely by the enterprise and capital of these members. They have in course of time built up a valuable connection. If we put such members out of business we lose that connection, and London, the centre

of the world's finance, must suffer. We must not cut off our nose to spite our face. But any member of the London or provincial Stock Exchanges who, after an examination of his books, can be proved to have acted with the Germans in their attack upon our financial system should be punished by being refused re-election. That is the unanimous feeling in the City. It rests with the Committee of the Stock Exchange to carry out the only logical and honest method of dealing with their German-born members.

The procedure which I recommend to the Committee of the Stock Exchange I also suggest to the British Government. If any German-born naturalised British subject can be shown to have either directly or indirectly helped Germany, that man should be interned without any delay. There are ample powers under the Defence of the Realm Act to deal with this matter, and the sooner the Government acts, the sooner will the discontent that now exists be dispelled.

We Must Have Responsibility

By Austin Harrison

BISMARCK justly said that "illusions are the greatest of all dangers to the diplomatist." An illusionist, of course, may be a great man, so Gladstone, just as a statesman may be great who has no illusions—thus Disraeli; but in war the illusionist is an unreal man because only realities exist, only the utilities of violence which is the negation of creation. "I see only one thing," Napoleon said, "I try to crush it." Now the illusionist never sees "only one thing."

Always he hopes, imagines, wandering in the clouds of illusion or hallucination. His philosophy is providence, his policy chance, his inspiration hope. Faith, hope, and charity are very beautiful inspirations, but they are most mischievous principles in war, for the obvious reason that they form the Christianity of peace which is its polarity. It is not a controversial matter. There is a right and a wrong way to fight, yet only one right way. Any midshipman in the Navy knows the right way; politicians rarely understand that there is even a wrong way.

Quite naturally. War is not their *métier*; yet war has a technique like any other pursuit, and for the same reason the soldier generally makes a bad politician: Wellington is an example, Bismarck, on the other hand, was not a soldier.

Anyhow, there it is. War is action; nearly all policy is theory. The theorist, like the wise tailor, cuts his ideas according to his possibilities; he is thus a compromiser, an opportunist, or a politician, whereas the good soldier is precisely the contrary. His business is briefly the realisation by force of what his opponent invariably regards as the impossible.

Unfortunately, we who never thought to fight again in Europe, who were already syndicating the patents of utopianism, who imagined we had found the peace ever-

lasting in the discords of domestic individualism—we have not yet learnt this commonplace of war, though all our blunders during fifteen months of fighting have derived from it. Our leaders are still the leaders of ante-bellum affluent, insular, individualist England. They are still the idealogues of commercialised democracy. They have not changed—they cannot be expected to. The dear, kind, gentle illusionists who told us that Germany was our friend, our spiritual mentor under the benevolent despotism of "Uncle William," the "sport," the King-orator, the Prince of Peace, the Eagle autocrat of humanitarian internationalism—these amiable gentlemen remain at their now only too horribly responsible posts with all the complacent irresponsibility of the happy days of peace.

It is very touching, but it is not war; it is not the way to win war. I do not wish to be personal. This REVIEW in the past has firmly supported Mr. Asquith; it is not their fault that he and they are fantastically unsuited to conduct war; perhaps it is their virtue. But there are times when men who feel nationally must speak out. That time has come. It seems to me imperative to say to-day that as our peace illusions have gone, so must our peace illusionists go with them.

I come back to the indispensable condition of efficiency in war, which is *responsibility*. It is the secret of our Navy; it is the secret of German Staff organisation; in General Gallieni's proclamation the other day responsibility was declared as the root and branch of French military policy. Now look at our Foreign Office. Turn—and we must turn—to its head, Sir E. Grey. Think of the hideous weakness shown again and again by that vitally important office. It is not a matter of sentiment; it is a question of military utility or necessity. Yet where is our responsibility? There is none. Failure carries with it no penalty. Sir E. Grey remains. I say deliberately in war he is the last man in this country who ought to preside there.

It is mere moral cowardice and sham to pretend that public men are not to be criticised in war. The Foreign Office is Sir E. Grey officially; one cannot reach the elliptical Lord Haldane. Since opinion still rules this country at Mr. Asquith's own valuation, judgment there must be.

Now as to Sir E. Grey's failures there can be no two opinions. By common consent, no more courtly gentleman lives than Sir E. Grey. Ambassadors adore him, so polite is he, so politic, so entirely urbane. I remember once hearing Lord Morley speak of him as having the "most perfect manner in the House." As idealist, he supported Mrs. Pankhurst before the war. The less he spoke, the more his reputation rose. He stood as the Oliver Goldsmith of politics: serene, suave, the gentle statesman, distinguished not for anything that he had ever done or said, but for qualities which wear well. In a Democracy Sir E. Grey sat in the Foreign Office, as it were, naturally; he was safe, he looked safe. Lord Haldane, who actually knew German, stood behind him. What more could a Democracy ignorant of war, disbelieving in the very possibility of war, either want or expect?

It would not be right to pass in review the catastrophic blunders and omissions of the Foreign Office, which have lost us Turkey and Bulgaria, which surrendered the first principles of sea-power by signing to the Declaration of London, by allowing German reservists to pass through our Navy, and cotton and other contraband to pass into Germany, which ever since the war started has betrayed a weakness excusable only on the supposition of staggering incompetence or that imbecility which springs from illusionism. The results speak for themselves. The evil is done. It is not my purpose to criticise. I wish merely to indicate the cause of these failures, for that we can afford any more such mistakes I presume even the most outrageous Party crank would hesitate to admit.

I will say no more about the Foreign Office; it stands flagrantly convicted. My point is that no man yet has been made responsible. What responsibility there is, in theory, is collective, as, indeed, Mr. Asquith asserted in his recent two hours' speech in Parliament. If Sir E. Grey cannot be held responsible, then Mr. Asquith must be so held as the Head of the Government.

Rheoboam and Jeraboam—well, let us appeal to Mr. Asquith. Here again we have an idealogue who incidentally is the best speaker in the House. This fatal gift of Mr. Asquith is our malady. No Minister should ever speak in war. Not even the Young Turks do. Here it is part

of their routine. When things look bad Mr. Asquith makes a speech. No man can speak better. He knows that. Outside we read his rhetoric, and it has the savour of family port, mellow and well-bottled. It warms the cockles of our hearts. We want to shake him by the hand, this fine old English gentleman, this benign illusionist, this happy father, this entire and scholarly chip of the old block.

"My speech is my fortune" the Prime Minister can well say. He enthralls the House. He satisfies the people. He has the English way. He has been well named the Vicar of Bray. Alas! oratory is futile in war! Mr. Asquith, the strong man, the only "obvious" leader, what are his professions away from the rostrum? Look at his new War Council squeezed out of him by public opinion and compare it with the ruthless professionalism and responsibility laid down by General Gallieni! What a difference! It is the exact difference between the expert and the amateur.

After fifteen months of war all we are vouchsafed is a civilian committee of five departmental heads drawn from the "Old Guard," all of whom ought to be locked up for the Serbian tragedy. Five more gentle creatures never trod upon a War Office carpet.

Mr. McKenna, humanitarian and pacifist; Mr. Balfour, the dilettante philosopher, aristocrat, bachelor, and cynic; Mr. Bonar Law, the impeccably safe controversialist; and Mr. Lloyd George, whilom fiery demagogue of peace-time Democracy. And to these must be added the sweet reasonableness of Sir E. Grey.

I don't suppose five nicer men can be found. Like the ladies in the old song: "One can dance, and one can sing, another can play on the violin." It is an areopagus of correct amiability. No Hotspur. No Bolingbroke. No soldier—not while Lord Kitchener is away, at any rate. No mere business man. Not too young and not too old, for all are tried politicians, men past the age of illusions. True, the position of Mr. Lloyd George in such a Council is somewhat obscure, for he as Minister of Munitions must, or should, be a very busy man, and his attendance at the War Council might be thought to interfere with his other work, but this no doubt is a meticulous objection. Devolution of responsibility is only the logical practice of the

doctrine of "wait and see." Mr. Asquith runs both Cabinet and War Office. Why should not Mr. Lloyd George do two things at once? It's quite easy, like driving a four-in-hand.

The answer is that he does both. "Take that," as Lincoln Trebitsch might say, "and swallow it." "We are five, not seven." Five little nigger boys, and in truth the Cabinet sheds its members quite in the manner of the refrain.

Sir E. Carson has gone, Mr. Churchill has gone, and Lord Kitchener has gone—Eastwards. They left—plainly because they were not gentle enough. Sir E. Carson was too virile; Mr. Churchill was too headstrong. About Lord Kitchener it is unwise to speak. The Censor has grown nervous of late, and the one thing he seems to abominate is the truth. Besides, the *Globe* was seized, as if to signalise the first military act on the part of Brigadier-General Sir F. E. Smith; also the ladies have been forbidden the use of the Albert Hall. Such things are portents; we are apt to look skywards nowadays—o' nights. They tell of Cabinet astrology. They tell of fear—fear of exposure. We must beware. Oh, to be sure, we must beware how we criticise our gentle masters. They know, and we don't. They talk, and we are not allowed to. They go over and see Joffre, and sometimes Joffre comes over to see them.

He came. He saw. He conquered. But, first, why did General Joffre come over? To taste the fog? To congratulate Sir E. Carson on resigning?

I think the story may be told, first because Sir E. Carson has himself told it pretty plainly in the House, and secondly because it has already been published in the German newspapers. The truth is that Joffre came over here to find out what the hell was the matter with us.

It was (as Sir E. Carson has explained) because of the absence of any decision regarding Serbia that that vigorous Orangeman left the Cabinet. There had been Memoranda on the subject, but Memoranda are like Committees—who knows, who cares? The public does not know; Memoranda tell no tales. Well, as Sir E. Carson said (November 15th), M. Millerand came over first with a view to "induce" the Government to "change" their policy, which, as inti-

mated by Lord Lansdowne, consisted in abandoning hope of saving Serbia. It was then that Joffre appeared out of the fog, and, to quote Sir E. Carson's words: "What was too late three weeks before was in time three weeks later."

No wonder Sir E. Carson quitted. He could not put up with the Coalition of Gazelles any longer. Like the bull in the china shop, he upset Mr. Asquith's tea-cups. Shocking! Bad form! Quite too irrepressibly Irish. So he went, butted out of the Cabinet tea-party, and I expect they were jolly glad to get rid of him. Such (Lever) Irishmen are a nuisance in war. They want to get going. They will want to fight. They will be fierce and untamable.

So that nigger left. Enter Joffre, like Mars himself. Of course I cannot disclose what he said, *'Cré nom!* But this he did. He frightened Mr. Asquith and his Gazelles. He came down with his fist on a mahogany table. He spoke of honour. He stormed and raved with such effect that, emerging subsequently into the fog, Mr. Asquith saw a rainbow.

The trouble was we had promised to help Serbia. On September 28th Sir E. Grey had spoken martial words of help. In a neatly rounded-off phrase he had pledged our troth. That was the inconvenience of it. Long before that he had discouraged the Serbs from any ungentlemanly attack upon Bulgaria *before* Bulgaria was ready. As usual, Sir E. Grey played the game. Like a true Public School boy he would not be privy to any action not strictly in accordance with the rules. So the Serbs waited—to see. And the twenty-two Gazelles waited to see until time went by and the disgusting Germans decided to wait no longer.

Just before Joffre "torpedoed" over here the French Government fell, M. Delcassé having already resigned, so that when the General got across the Channel things were looking rather shaky for the Coalition, who naturally resented all this tumbling of Governments and Ministers about their heads, and felt reasonably hurt at the precipitancy with which events were marching both at home and in Serbia.

So Joffre came. He did what Sir E. Carson wanted done and left the Cabinet for not being able to get done.

In a word, he made the Gazelles reaffirm their policy. To put it bluntly, he *shamed* them into an active policy, and when he had seen it attested by protocol he set out for France again.

The results of this visit were very curious. It enabled Mr. Asquith to make his two hours' speech and describe his critics as "whimperers," and to point his finger (figuratively, of course) at Sir E. Carson. Paradoxically, Joffre had saved the Coalition. He had given us a policy again, and Mr. Asquith was justified in telling us so. He knew that we did not know, and no man knows his business better than the Prime Minister. His peroration was admirable. Wait and see had turned overnight into the vigorous offensive. Why grumble? Why criticise? Why whimper? Why . . .?

Indeed why? The fall of the French Government was no concern of the Gazelles. The resignation of M. Delcassé had no sympathetic recoil upon Sir E. Grey. "There was no delay of any kind," Mr. Asquith said, in response to Sir E. Carson. He was "sorry" his hon. friend had made such a "suggestion." Technically, Mr. Asquith was right; the delay was political, dating back from last April. In fine, he appeared in the habit of the downright fighting English parson. "No tales out of school," he breathed at the rebel Irishman. And no man ever looked more English than the Premier at that moment, and no man ever was made to feel such a fool as Sir E. Carson.

He must have felt like Lord Fisher after Mr. Churchill's valedictory oration. A "moonlighter!" He had not "played the game," the political game, the Cabinet game. He had lost caste. Mr. Asquith's amiability was not even extended. If only Sir E. Carson had waited to see, had waited till Joffre came over and prodded up the Gazelles to do their duty, he, too, might have stood up in the House and talked pimples about whimpering newspapers; he also might now be sitting on the War Council; he also might be able to square his shoulders and hand off responsibility; he also might have taken little trips over to Paris and sat on the Entente War Committee; he also would still be praised by the servile Party Press grovelling for Party reasons at the feet of Mr. Asquith in the hope that he will not introduce conscription But Sir E.

Carson is an impersonal patriot. If only Joffre had sent him a wire, saying he was coming. If only he could have guessed that Mr. Asquith would at last make up his mind, could make up his mind. If only he had followed Mr. Asquith's "injunctions" and waited—well, he would have come through as jauntily as the Premier did, and would have tasted the self-same popularity.

Sweet popularity! Now he is a lonely man. The chap in the "pub" thinks he did not play the game. The girl ticket-collector thinks he is "unpatriotic." I wonder what Mr. Asquith really thinks? Or Sir E. Grey?

We only know what Mr. Churchill thought. "All along of a sailor," he said. No lead, just as Lord Haldane complained that Demos had not led him to tell the truth about Germany. Mr. Churchill evidently could stand it no longer. Marooned on the Duchy of Lancaster. No seat on the War Council, and he a soldier, little Benjamin. Removed from the Admiralty! On the lowest rung. Too bad. Too much for Mr. Churchill. Evidently "nothing doing" with the Gazelles, and so, like a brave man true to his ancestral line, *M'lbrook s'en va t'en guerre.*

Hail, and all luck to him!

What is all this? What do these Cabinet defections, these Ministerial vindications, poutings, backhanders, and jabberwox shufflings mean in war, in the greatest crisis in our history? Lords Kitchener and Fisher have held their tongues. Why do the Ministers vex and fret, vanish into obscurity or to the seat of war in this mysterious fashion? The reason is only too pathetically obvious. It is that they are politicians; that politicians are always politicians; and because there is no responsibility, the personal equation is the game.

Take one instance, the Dardanelles. Now it is clear from Mr. Churchill's speech that the soldiers and sailors agreed to that, militarily, inadequately prepared expedition; it is equally clear that he, or the Cabinet—since Mr. Asquith has assumed collective responsibility for the expedition, the onus is therefore not individual—induced the military advisers to consent to it. It failed. Has anyone been made responsible? True, Mr. Churchill left the Admiralty, yet as Mr. Asquith has proclaimed collective responsibility, Mr. Churchill's share is no more than that

of the whole Government or so much as that of Mr. Asquith himself, as Head of it.

Here we have a positive instance of a *politically inspired* operation. Soldier and sailor disliked it. I believe I am correct in saying that General Joffre disapproved of it. Yet it was proceeded with in the hayrush fashion of the Boer War days. Nothing more grotesquely amateurish was ever done since the Walcheren expedition. Thousands of lives have been lost over Achi Baba hill, yet when our ships bombarded the forts we had "spotters" standing on the top of it—that very place which subsequently proved the grave of the whole expedition owing to the amateurish delay between the land operations and the naval attack—which put one Turkish gun out of action. Or was it two guns?

Mr. Asquith's own words prove that its inception was political, not military. He was never more disappointed, he told us. No doubt. That is precisely the trouble. The politicians conceived the idea, and having in a country run by politicians the power, they initiated the operations, which is the one thing in war that politicians should not be allowed to do. When Mr. Asquith talks of his great "disappointment," he hopelessly gives away his case. The land expedition never had a chance after the naval attack and warning, according to all independent expert authority. Why the attempt was made at the tip and not on or near Bulair has never been explained. Ashmead Bartlett has said publicly that it was a forlorn gamble from the outset. Evidently it was. Our maps were wrong. The preparations were inadequate. If Mr. Asquith had ever seen the accursed peninsula he would not be so ready with his expressions of "disappointment." It happens that I have seen the place. It is the most easily defensible spot imaginable. The whole thing was an adventure as we carried it out. Yet Mr. Asquith talks of disappointment, whereas military Europe has stood aghast at our feckless amateurishness, the result of political interference in war.

Nor is that all. Soldiers have been penalised, but none of its political authors have. Mr. Asquith grandiloquently assumes "collective responsibility." But where is the responsibility? What politician has been pilloried for this horrible affair? If responsibility is collective, then the

Government ought to have fallen when General Hamilton returned, as the French Government fell over Serbia. It has done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it has rather dug itself in by means of an inner War Council responsible only to the Cabinet, which is itself irresponsible. When Mr. Asquith tells us he is "disappointed," he convicts himself of amateurishness.

The attacks having failed, there the men have been ever since, while Ministers made silly speeches, and the public knew nothing about this magnificently heroic but, militarily, disgraceful business.

The shameful truth is that the Dardanelles fiasco is the inevitable result of politicians interfering with what they don't understand; playing at soldiers, in short. The danger of it is that these politicians refuse to accept the responsibility they proclaim; refuse to be made responsible either to the country or to Parliament.

Exactly the same thing happened over Serbia. The politicians could not take a decision; they temporised, interfered, again temporised, and interfered again. The new Balkan War is the result.

It is time some of us told the Truth. Were we fighting niggers or a few thousand farmers, politicians' strategy would not so much matter; but we are fighting to-day for our very honour and existence. A nation which fights without responsibility, which allows its politicians, however admirable they may be in time of peace, to override military advice, to initiate operations, to conduct the war in brief, is deliberately courting disaster. Without responsibility there can be no efficiency; without efficiency success can only be accidental. That is a truth no sane man will question. Its realisation is the entire secret of German success; its non-realisation here is the sole reason of our failures.

The German and French system is the ruthless penalty for failure, or responsibility; here we have destroyed the very idea of responsibility, and attempted to destroy it even in the Navy—thus the abolition of courts-martial and the whittling away of the authority which should belong to the Naval Lords. It has made a travesty of our Sea Power. The whole contraband question has been treated politically instead of militarily. The Navy brings in ships;

the Government licenses and releases them. When asked in the House whether "more than half the vessels" so brought in have been released, the Government official parries the question with an evasion as merrily as Mr. Tennant "ducks" his interlocutors. It has become impossible to discover who is responsible for a policy which neutralises the action of the Navy acting under an Order in Council, any more than we can find out why the *Goeben* and *Breslau* were allowed to escape, it being, according to the Naval finding at the time, no apparent fault of the sailors. And so, instead of responsibility, we have controversy, which, as Service men are not permitted to speak, invariably rests in favour of the politician, as we have seen again and again.

At this moment there is no known responsible head of the War Office bar Mr. Asquith, who can always lay the blame on the soldiers should anything untoward happen. Thus the politicians control every department, and they not even business men, but professional orators. They have made a mush of things from first to last. They could not help making a mush. And they have destroyed the whole spirit of military responsibility.

Now the paradoxical and terrible thing about all this is that the country is only slowly awakening to the truth about the war and the irresponsibility of Ministers owing to the policy of optimism and secrecy which has enabled Mr. Asquith to run England in blinkers. Partly because of our ignorance of war, partly, too, because of the national attitude of "playing the game," we have never seen the incongruity, the amateurishness, the madness of leaving the conduct of war for life or death in the hands of our peace politicians; we have trusted blindly; we have thought they were telling us the truth when they were consistently "hushing up" every unpleasant incident calculated to shake our belief in them; we have agreed to agree. The result is tragically comic. Staid old Tory squires resent all criticism of the Government, whereas fierce Radicals have become Mr. Asquith's most implacable critics. The man in the street is only beginning to know something of the appalling muddle that has gone on ever since August, 1914. Everything is wrapped in secrecy. Mr. Asquith has really run

this country on a dictatorship—*without a policy*, and without responsibility.

Yet glance at what has happened within the last few weeks. The Government's want of policy has cost (1) the loss of M. Delcassé, (2) the fall of the French Government, (3) the loss of Sir E. Carson, (4) the departure of Lord Kitchener, (5) the loss of Mr. Churchill, (6) the aspersions cast on Lord Fisher; yet Mr. Asquith, who assumes collective responsibility, remains cheerfully in office, and, shielding himself behind the secrecy which prevents the public from knowing even the approximate facts, is able to delude this docile Democracy under the tom-tom of newspaper optimism, which till war broke out was pro-German. This is the tragedy of the position. Fooled by the "hush-up" Press, the people go on trusting in their ignorance, while one advantage after the other is muddled away. At the hour of writing Mr. Asquith is, *inter alia*, at the War Office. Is it possible that Englishmen do not see the enormous responsibility attaching to such a post in war, and the utter incompetency of a lawyer, however eloquent, versatile, skilled in debate or dialectics, to fill it? It is sheer, rank madness to have any man not a soldier at the head of the War Office at this hour. As well ask a professor of Greek to teach our "jollies" the mechanism of a submarine.

Don't think this is a Jeremiad, a spate of pessimism, or an attack on the Government. I admire Mr. Asquith in many ways. I am not criticising him. I am denouncing him for arrogating to himself a position which he is not competent to fill—in war, and for his repudiation of responsibility. Again and again we have committed irretrievable mistakes, for which he and his Government are alone responsible. That is the point, no other. He has neither the knowledge, the experience, the temperament, nor the training to fit him to lead us in a war of this kind; nor have his associates. His new War Council is another makeshift, consolidating the politicians' position, that is all. All the men on it blundered before; they will blunder again, because war is not politics but reality, and none of its members (God bless them!), with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George, are men of action, or organisers, or business men, or men in any way qualified to direct military affairs,

and their whole lives have been devoted to compromise.

With their policy of non-responsibility they trade on secrecy. Always the half-truth, mystery, irritating smugness. Sir E. Carson, for instance, in his own despite, flatly contradicted Sir E. Grey on the Serbian matter; whereat Mr. Asquith rose and politely waved the censer of non-committal contradiction at him. It is very unfair upon Sir E. Carson. The public don't know the facts; they are thus led to think Sir E. Carson is not "playing the game." If, as Mr. Asquith said, there was "no delay," why then did General Joffre rush over here? Does anyone believe that Carson, who is a fighting man, resigned because the Coalition showed too much action? He resigned for the contrary reason, and Joffre came over here for the same reason, to see that we did our duty; so it goes on, secrecy, mystery, the half-truth, no responsibility.

Muddle after muddle, and the more the muddle the firmer the politicians cling to their posts. The financial side of the war drifts on; the terrible contract and trade scandals remain unexposed—there is no responsibility; no man not a soldier or a sailor can be made responsible. To fight like this is lunacy. It is absolutely imperative that responsibility should be ruthlessly affixed and enforced, as M. Briand proclaimed as the policy of France.

There is no other way to win this war.

The curse of the Allies so far has been optimism, which is largely the fault of the French. There is a psychological reason for this, obvious to anyone who knows the French and English peoples. Of course, our politicians swallowed it, and spread it here because they did not know any better, took no trouble to find out. How should they know? They are completely ignorant of war and of Germany, as we know from their policy towards Germany prior to the war. It was partly this optimism which led to the fatal do-nothing attitude with regard to the Balkans. When, however, you have official optimism which is ignorance, plus irresponsibility, plus the ignorance of the public about the war and of all responsible for its conduct—the conditions of failure are present. To continue in this fashion is to fight at our peril. Yet these are the conditions, and even under an Allied War Council—the most important step

taken so far, though what Sir E. Grey has to do or say in it is a very disconcerting symptom—they will remain more or less the conditions of amateurish direction which history has proved to be in war fatal.

I will cite one example only of this Governmental amateurishness, in reference to what has become through "wait and see" the Gallipoli controversy, though I trust by the time these words appear in print the right decision will have been taken. We have a Censorship which suppresses women's meetings and permits pacifist treachery to be spoken up and down the country, and we are told that its guiding principle is military information. Well, when Lord Kitchener left, we heard that General Monro had gone to the peninsula "to report." A few weeks later Lord Ribblesdale naïvely informs us and so the world that General Monro has reported, strongly advising the withdrawal of the men there, which report is once more negatived by the announcement that the final decision will rest with Lord Kitchener.

Observe the effects of such an important revelation. It shows that we are undecided, cannot make up our minds, don't trust the soldier sent out to report. It proclaims weakness, the worst possible fault in war. It shows the Balkan peoples that we are hesitating—again a fatal attitude in war. It shows the world that the soldiers and the politicians do not agree—yet this very secret information is ingenuously imparted by gentlemen, evidently so ignorant of the value of military secrecy that they do not realise the colossal stupidity of such a statement revelatory to the enemy of our catch-as-catch-can attitude, and that in the great crisis threatening in the Balkans.

Under proper military Government controversy and revelations of this kind would be impossible. It is one of those indiscretions which reveal us to the world in a flash. Had any editor made the statement, he would deserve to be court-martialled.

This is our real danger, not the Germans. We started the war with all the physical, economic, moral, and latent forces of war in our favour, and after the Battle of the Marne with all the strategic advantages. We have frittered them away. All the time we have counted on illusions instead of force. Here we have underrated our liabilities, our responsibilities, our very potentialities. Wait and see

becomes in war "just a little too late." It has been so from the beginning. It has been so because our Government is political or amateurish; because there is no responsibility for its actions.

Only yesterday Lord Haldane answered for the War Office in the House of Lords. What does this mean? Mr. Asquith has assured us that Lord Haldane has no official office. Why, then, does this discredited war apothecary speak on behalf of the Government? M. Caillaux does not respond for Joffre; why does Lord Haldane answer for the War Office?

In this connection we must not forget that Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey remain the warm friends of the Emperor William's stickleback.

If the war is to go on and we are to win it—win, as opposed to an inconclusive peace—we must have leaders who are responsible, who can be brought relentlessly to account for all failures. Only so can we ensure efficiency; only so can we hope to fight successfully. All illusionists must go to give way to men of reality. Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to collective responsibility. He must be held to it. I ask, "Who is responsible for the Balkan muddle if not the Government?" The answer is, "The Government is," just as it is responsible for the criminal indecision in connection with the withdrawal of the troops from Gallipoli. They have known the true position there, *pace* Lord Cecil.

Mr. Asquith cannot have it both ways. Either he is responsible or he is not. As he has not resigned, and indeed tells us that he has no intention of resigning, the only inference is that he repudiates responsibility. And that is the actual position. The State, says Mr. Asquith, *c'est moi*. There is no other god but me.

If the public acquiesce in this condition of irresponsibility, which in war is suicidal, a journalist is not likely to dissuade them. But he can do his duty, as he sees it. And I say with the sincerity of what I hold at this juncture to be the truest patriotism, that to continue to fight in this amateurish way is to run on our chances. I believe every soldier will agree that no war ever yet was won by chance, or ever will be.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

My People. By Caradoc Evans. Melrose. 5*s*. net.

Some of these tales, appearing in the English Review, caused a little stir. Together with others they are now printed in book-form, and there has been some further talk in the papers anent their value and significance. This is a good sign. As social documents, as literature, they are remarkable. They call for discussion. All persons desirous of familiarising themselves with something out of the common ruck, something that possesses a most unusual flavour, should read *My People*. The book stands apart. Realism is not the correct word for this author's method, since realism has an eye for detail; pokes its nose into this and that; luxuriates. What Mr. Evans tells us in his archaic language is too stark and austere to be realistic. He does not gloat, or pry. He conveys, rather, a sense of elemental things—the coldness, the indifference, of rocks and waters. He moves above his subject. Reading these studies of Welsh peasantry, one marvels that such creatures should be found living within a few hours of Charing Cross. And one rejoices to think that Mr. Evans, born among these ferocious primitives, should have been enabled to give us so vivid and veracious a portrait of them.

Form and Colour. By L. March Phillipps. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

This book is a suggestive piece of work, testifying to careful thought and reading. At the same time, we cannot help deploring that the author sets out, all too ostensibly, to prove a theory. For the treatise form which he has chosen not only detracts from the charm of the subject, but forces him to do occasional violence to facts. A book

like this should be a voyage of discovery for the reader. How much more refreshing the inductive method would have been—the facts accumulating from every quarter and driving us to the desired conclusion by their sheer momentum! While admitting, again, the convenience of academic distinctions between such things as "man" and "nature," while allowing that the "emotional" type of Eastern art may profitably be contrasted with the "intellectual" type of ours, we must not blind ourselves to the circumstance that to insist, as the author does, on such dichotomies is a strain in the long run; and not only a strain, but often a fruitful source of crooked reasoning. That said, we can only repeat that we consider the book a most stimulating performance. The arguments are often intertwined with those contained in the author's *Work of Man*, but we are glad to notice that the present volume is more attractively got up than the second edition of the earlier one, which, from a publishing point of view (considering its unusual merits), was a scandalous production.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE NEW FOREST. By the HON. GERALD LASCELLES, C.B. Edward Arnold. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

These personal reminiscences of a man who has identified himself with the welfare of the New Forest for a long number of years make pleasant, informative reading. We learn as much as most people would care to learn of the history of this beautiful stretch of country—how its very existence as a forest is curiously bound up with that of its deer inhabitants—how, not long ago, it narrowly escaped being altogether disafforested, partitioned up, and, in fact, "improved" off the face of the earth. There was much to be done when Mr. Lascelles appeared on the scene. The cottages were in disrepair, the woodlands neglected, finances mismanaged; "everything," he says, "was in a state of chaos, and I set to work to clear out what was verily an Augean stable." There are chapters interspersed with extracts from queer old documents dealing with the history of the New Forest deer and of that King's House which is familiar to most visitors and stands, they say, on the site of a manor house of pre-Conquest days. From

the pages on silviculture we glean the singular information that the chief beauty of the New Forest trees is due to the pernicious old custom of pollarding them, which, while anathema to a modern forester, has given them their present picturesque shapes; even the recent Act of 1877, he tells us, has laid down a system of "sentimental" rather than utilitarian forestry. This is as it should be—in accordance, that is, with the modern spirit which sees in this region something more than a commercial asset, a national timber-preserve to be exploited on scientific lines. Nearly half the book deals with the game of the district, and what Mr. Lascelles does not know on this subject is plainly not worth knowing.

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